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GOING TO MARKET.—From a Painting by M. L. Perrault.—[See Page 503.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 6, 1870.

SENTIMENTAL STATESMANSHIP.

THE recall of Mr. Motley from England—the real reasons for which are thus far withheld from the public—and the appointment of Mr. Frelinghuysen, which in itself is received with general favor, reopens a little the interest in the *Alabama* question. There has been, also, a brief synopsis published of correspondence between Mr. Motley and Lord Clarendon upon the subject. In this report Mr. Motley is represented as making a very wise remark to the British Foreign Secretary, a remark, indeed, which Mr. Frelinghuysen and every other American Minister must repeat to the British Government until some settlement is reached. The remark was, that the first step toward the establishment of friendly relations between the two governments is to see the case as we see it, and to understand the deep sense of wrong which we feel. This view of the subject is usually sneered at as sentimental diplomacy; and it is caustically said that nations don't pay damages for wounded sensibilities, but for merchandise illegally destroyed. Mr. Sumner has been reproached for treating the question sentimentally, and for a display of emotional statesmanship; and Mr. Motley is supposed to have sympathized with what is called the Senator's folly.

But what is derided as sentimental statesmanship is merely regard for the fact that feelings and passions are the real motives in human affairs. International differences of dollars may be compounded or forgiven. They are not vital. But as a man thinketh, so is he. If one man attacks the child of another, the difficulty is not settled, nor the peace re-established, because the assailant pays a fine for assault and battery. The real injury is not to the body of the victim, it is to the feelings of the parent. This law operates with the same force in international affairs. And it was the perception of this truth which led Dr. Franklin, one of the most practical of men, to suggest a purely sentimental clause in the treaty of peace between America and Great Britain which closed the Revolution. In a paper of hints as to what was advisable but not essential in such a treaty the Doctor proposed "some sort of acknowledgment in some public act of Parliament, or otherwise," of the British error "in distressing those countries so much." The English negotiator, who mentions the fact, adds: "A few words of that kind, the Doctor said, would do more good than people could imagine."

Poor Richard was never more practical, nor more shrewd, than in this "sentimental" suggestion. It was not indeed adopted. Governments, we are told, can have no emotions. But that the Doctor was right, who doubts? That his proposition, if adopted, would have done good, who questions? That there would have been a very different feeling between the two countries, which might have avoided the jealousy of 1794, the war of 1812, and the alienation of 1861, is evident. Now, it is precisely in this spirit that Mr. Sumner made his famous speech. He demanded nothing. He said only, this is the case as we understand it. It has two aspects: one of pecuniary damage, the other of national feeling. The outcry was made because he was supposed to have demanded money in settlement of the feeling. But what he did demand was, first, recognition of the wrong—exactly what Dr. Franklin suggested; and, second, a consideration of the national losses growing out of this wrong. The computation in money of such losses is indeed difficult; nor do we believe that the country asks more than the recognition of the wrong. But whatever it asks, the question of a proper settlement is to be determined wholly by the purposes of a treaty.

What, then, is the real end to be sought in an *Alabama* treaty? Permanent peace and friendship between the two countries. Any other object is futile. A treaty not inspired by this purpose would be only another source of discord. But does any body imagine that such an object can be attained without regard to feeling? What was the moral of the rejection of the Johnson treaty? As a method of ascertaining certain computable pecuniary losses and indemnifying the losers, it was a very good treaty. But under the circumstances it was a body without a soul. It was a monster, and instantly repelled. It lacked any provision whatever which bore in any degree upon the chief difficulty—upon the national sense of wrong. Great Britain says that we made the treaty. Technically we did; but actually Mr. Seward made it, and he was not in sympathy with the country. Great Britain continues that, having rejected our own treaty, it certainly is not her place to propose another. Technically, again, this is true. But unless there is a statesmanship which can rise above technicalities, there will be no settlement except such as that in which Prussia and France are now engaged. In Dr. Franklin's phrase, then, what is "advisable?"

Another treaty can, of course, be made providing for the settlement of claims and leaving the "wrong" untouched. The precedents established by Great Britain may remain unquestioned and our money bill be paid. Then what? Then the instant Great Britain is drawn into war, every one of these precedents will be turned against her as with fire. Such an arrangement, therefore, is no settlement. It can not secure the proper objects of a treaty between the two countries. And, consequently, Great Britain plainly does herself and the just purposes of a settlement the utmost wrong when she plants herself upon a purely technical ground. She is not asked to go down upon her knees to cry *peccavi*. She is not asked to renounce the right which we ourselves claim, and which the President so strongly stated in his first annual Message to Congress, and in that upon the Cuban question—the right of every power to determine for itself when to acknowledge belligerency. She is asked to consider whether she should not be willing to refer to arbitration the question whether the precedents established by her conduct during the war should be sustained as a part of international law. Are they, in fact, precedents by which she is willing to stand?

If the object of a treaty at the present time between the United States and Great Britain be not only to satisfy just pecuniary claims, but to establish good-will, it is mere folly to expect that it can be done in any merely ceremonial manner and by a total disregard of feeling. The arrangement must have some reference to the real springs of human action. And what those are the dryest diplomatist knows.

THE WANTON WAR.

It is not surprising that the Duke de Grammont, the French Foreign Minister, complained that the tone of the English press would produce uncontrollable irritation in France. He meant, of course, in the French Government, which has precipitated a most monstrous and wanton war. It is undoubtedly very disagreeable to such a government to hear the firm and indignant protest of the intelligence of other nations. It is too immediate and significant a justification of the remark of M. Thiers: "Public opinion will turn against us; the journals of Europe will be against us." M. Thiers is an old journalist. He knows the real power of the press. He feels that a war condemned by its general voice is a war without glory. He sees only too clearly that no adequate reason can be given for the incalculable suffering, sorrow, and loss which are let loose upon Europe by the French declaration of war; and yet M. Thiers is the Frenchman who would make uncompromising hostility to Prussian ascendency the spring of the French foreign policy.

France stands accused at the bar of civilization of renewing all the miseries of European war. What is her defense? It is to be found in her official statement of grievances, which are three: the French Embassador has been insulted; the King of Prussia would not compel the withdrawal of Prince Leopold's candidacy; and the King allowed the Prince to accept it if he wished. There is here no pretense of the fear of Prussian ascendency, which has been urged as the real justification of the French action, and which the New York *Times* pleads. And it is not mentioned because of the simple fact that the withdrawal of the Prince removed the ground of the complaint. When the candidacy was abandoned, France had no more reason to attack Prussia than she had six months ago. Undoubtedly France wants the Rhenish frontier. But she did not dare gravely to allege her cupidity as a justification for a tremendous war. The wretched pretexts of the declaration show, therefore, only that she was resolved to fight. She believed herself strong enough to break the peace of Europe in the hope of acquiring more territory in the universal tumult, ravage, anguish, and desolation. The hope of civilization must be that such a crime may be punished as it deserves. No wonder that the old German love of father-land bursts into a flame in the hearts of Germans beyond the sea; nor that an English journal exclaims that the Bonapartes have exhausted Heaven's patience!

Of the issue of a struggle between two nations so military and so inflamed, it is, of course, useless to speculate. It is hardly possible, if the war continues, that feelings long slumbering will not awake. The memories of the days when the uncle of the French Emperor trampled Germany in blood will kindle every heart in that great land, so that its sternly disciplined martial array will be backed by a boundless enthusiasm. Indeed, the war which Louis Napoleon hopes will frustrate the designs of Bismarck, and humiliate their author, will only further his policy. For his great object, which is actual German unity, will be promoted much more readily in war than in peace. Bavaria and Hanover may be jealous of Prussia; but Bavaria and Hanover are German, and they will fight to the last to prevent a French victory over Germans upon German soil. Community of hopes and perils and struggles, of reverses and successes, will weld them all the more closely, as the common fortunes of our Revolution knit the colonies into a nation.

The other powers will prefer absolute neutrality. If they must take part, Russia and England would gravitate toward Prussia. German Austria could not easily see Frenchmen humbling Germans. The King of Italy is related to the possible heir of the French empire, and the old tyranny of Austria made the Germans cursed—*maladetti Tedeschi*—in the Italian mind. But Italy owes its independence to Prussia, and has not forgotten Villafranca. It certainly could not join heartily with Austria for France. Spain must desire to keep wholly out of the fray. Denmark would gladly see Prussia humbled. Sweden wants no war. It is, indeed, easy to see that such a maelstrom as this war may suck in the most reluctant victims. But it is to be hoped that the protest of foreign opinion against a war so wickedly provoked by France may be steady and strong enough to confine it to the original belligerents, and to hasten the restoration of a peace so wantonly disturbed.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The prompt refusal of the Republican majority in Congress to accept the recommendation of the President to allow the purchase of foreign vessels for the foreign trade of the country during a limited time is of great political significance. That at a moment when the shipping interest is prostrated, and the imminence of a war that may be of European extent opens the amplest opportunities for American commercial enterprise, a Republican majority should refuse to co-operate with a Republican President, shows that the question involved is powerful enough to destroy party unity; that is to say, it has already divided the party, and has become, therefore, an immediate practical issue.

Under our present tariff building ships is a ruinous business. Suddenly we want great numbers of ships immediately. They can be bought cheaply in Europe. Let us buy them, then, to-day, says the President to his party in Congress, and turn them to account, even if we again decline to buy them to-morrow. And his party divides. A portion of it wishes to follow his advice. The other portion wishes to use no ships that we do not build ourselves. But meanwhile we build no ships. The carrying trade which founded our commercial prosperity appeals to us again, and in vain. We swing our feet, and doze in our silent and crumbling ship-yards, and drowsily reply that we sail American-built ships or none. And, meanwhile, English and other foreign ships triumphantly carry off the advantage that we disdain.

This means that the question of protection, free trade, revenue tariff—whatever we may choose to call it—has become a cardinal point in practical politics. We have always insisted that issues can not be arbitrarily chosen. They arise from the national development. They assert themselves; and they assert themselves precisely in this manner, by showing that they are stronger than the prevailing party traditions. The experience of this session has shown that a House with a large Republican majority might be returned to the next Congress which should not contain a single member that would support the recommendations of the Republican Administration. In the House which has just adjourned there were no more positive Republicans than Messrs. Blair, Kelley, Maynard, and M'Carthy. Yet had all the other Republican members agreed with them the final and urgent recommendation of the Republican President would not have received a single Republican vote.

This most important fact must not be forgotten in the nominations for the next Congress. It is for every reason connected with the power and permanence of the party desirable that the various State conventions should express themselves distinctly upon this subject, which the action of Congress proves is now one of paramount importance. No party can divide upon such questions and retain its ascendency. If half the party in Congress intend to support the President and half to oppose him, the party fate is foreshadowed in that of the Kilkenny cats. The arbitrary will of the President is not, indeed, to be the law of the party; on the contrary, the President has declared that the will of the people shall be his law. But how can he determine what that will is, if the representatives of the majority do not agree? Unanimity in essentials is the vital condition of the party ascendency, and that must be the objective point of the Republican party at the Congressional elections.

PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

The kindly feeling that welcomed M. Prévost-Paradol to this country was deepened by the circumstances under which he began his mission, and has made his sudden and tragical death peculiarly mournful. He was the first victim of the war; and, although personally little known to us, there will be none likely to be more lamented in the United States. M. Prévost-Paradol had made his election between the empire with such guarantees of liberty as it offered, and the chances of Rochefort and a red revolution. It was a sorry alternative, and, in taking his part, a mind so acute, a temperament so sensitive, a wit so subtle, must have been sorely tried. Arriving in a foreign country with which he had profound sympathy, and charged with grave duties in which he was wholly inexperienced, physically prostrated by a sea voyage and an exhausting climate, he learned, as he landed, that he was the representative of a man whose crime in plunging his country into war had not only covered him with deeper odium in the American mind, but must also have more clearly revealed to the Minister the nature of the régime he had sustained at the expense, as it had unjustly seemed to many, of personal honor. Doubtless he wished to believe his country right, and justified himself, while he knew that others could not justify him—a thought that he could not bear. His mind wavered. He wrote pathetically, "Je me tue," and all was over.

We speak elsewhere of his one official act; for such we may call his unauthorized declaration to the Secretary of State. It showed a readiness to assume responsibility, which is of the highest value to a Minister under such circumstances; and it showed also a determination that, so far as depended upon him, his country should not lag behind any other in the humane alleviations of war. It was his sole act as the Minister of France in America, and it was one to be proudly remembered by those who loved him. No European Minister ever came among us with fairer promise or brighter hopes; and France may search long among her best sons before she finds one whom the American heart will welcome as it welcomed Prévost-Paradol.

UNDUE HASTE.

It was obvious that President Grant's Cuban Message would be carefully scanned in England to see what justification its reasoning might offer for the conduct of the British Government toward the United States during the rebellion. And it is not worth while to suffer any misapprehension or misstatement of the British press to gain strength by want of exposure of its fallacy.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* praises the Message. It quotes the President's remark that, "The question of belligerency is one of fact, not to be decided by sympathy for or prejudice against either party." And again, "Fighting, though fierce and protracted, does not alone constitute war. There must be military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war; flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners." The *Gazette* then politely says, as if it settled the question of the British declaration in 1861: "Whatever sanction is conferred by the existence of these conditions was certainly not wanting in the case of the civil war."

Undoubtedly these conditions did exist during our civil war. But the question is, did they exist when the British Government issued its concession of belligerent rights to the rebellion? Had there been that array of military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, those cartels, those exchanges of prisoners, which, beside mere fighting, are essential to the idea of war? This question is answered by the facts. The complaint of Mr. Fish, in his note of September last recapitulating the circumstances, is simply "undue haste." Was there then undue haste? If there was, the *Pall Mall Gazette* labors in vain to justify the British action by the President's principles.

Now the facts are that, on the 6th of May, 1861, Lord Russell stated in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had decided that "the Southern Confederacy, according to the principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." The law officers advised no action. They said only that the Government was "entitled" to concede belligerency if it desired. When Lord Russell announced the decision the news of the bloodless assault upon Fort Sumter was not ten days old in England. No other act that had the least appearance of war was officially known to the British Government; and the new American Minister, especially charged to communicate the policy of the United States Government, had not yet arrived. On the 11th of May the British Government was officially informed of President Lincoln's proclamation of blockade; and on the 13th of May the Queen's proclamation, conceding belligerency, issued. Thus, five days before the British Government had any official knowledge of the fact by which that proclamation is now justified it had resolved to issue it. Mr. Fish complains of "undue haste." Could words be more exactly used?

The conditions which the *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from President Grant, as sanctioning a concession of belligerency, did not exist at the time Great Britain conceded belligerency to the rebels. Lord Clarendon, with the same purpose as that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, cited in his reply to Mr. Fish, as facts showing that there was war, the President's summons of the

3d of May for more troops; various captures of vessels at sea—some, which he mentions, as late as the 15th of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; and the assertion of Mr. SEWARD, of the 4th of May, that it was "open, flagrant, deadly war." Perhaps it was. But the British Government knew nothing of all these things on the 6th of May. The grounds of its justification are wholly an after-thought. The very eagerness with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* seizes upon the President's words shows its consciousness of the necessity of defense, while the attempt merely reveals its inability to offer any that has not been riddled by the facts.

VATICAN THUNDER.

THE adoption of the dogma of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council has excited scarcely a remark. The Council was called for that purpose, and it has done what was expected. It is, indeed, a subject of much more importance to the members of the Pope's Church than to any body else. There is something partly amusing and partly humiliating to a spectator in the solemn declaration by four hundred and fifty very fallible gentlemen that a certain other gentleman is infallible. For of all qualities that might be supposed to establish themselves infallibility is the chief. To decide it by a majority vote is an exquisite comedy. To suppose that the vote confers infallibility is ludicrous. To suppose that it merely recognizes a fact is to defy history. The significance of the declaration is that the Jesuit element which controls the Roman Church finds it convenient.

We say that it chiefly concerns the members of that Church because the only protests against it have proceeded from eminent Roman Catholics. The more intelligent Roman Churchmen see that nothing can be gained by asserting something which is already substantially believed by all those whom the assertion can be supposed to influence; while it compels those whom it can not influence to a positive dissent. The mass of the members of the Roman Church already practically believe in the infallibility of the Pope. Their most familiar reply, if they are charged with the absurdity of such a belief, and their attention drawn to the irreligious conduct of certain popes, is that as a man the Pope is fallible, but as Pope he is infallible. That those who use this argument have any clear idea of what it means can not be assumed. But it is, nevertheless, a very common assertion.

The four hundred and fifty gentlemen in Rome who have just voted that the Pope is infallible seek, indeed, to limit the infallibility in a similar way. They confine it within certain abstract religious bounds, because they see the risk of empowering any ignorant or foolish or fanatical man, such as the Pope frequently is, to declare absolutely, for instance, what is essential to salvation. They know that such a man might declare something which science would presently disprove. He might assert that to be true, and faith in it indispensable to salvation, which would presently be conclusively shown to be false. Therefore they do not say that if the Pope alleges that two and two make five they do so. They give him no authority to pronounce upon points cognizable by experience or science, but only upon those which are purely speculative, and of which, as no human being can possibly know any thing, he may safely make such statements as he chooses. Thus a pope may proclaim that not to believe this or that will damn a soul eternally. The damnation can not be disproved, and, therefore, infallibility is in no danger. To this extent, therefore, the assumption is safe.

But as establishing and confirming the Jesuit supremacy in the Roman Church the decree is significant. It tends to concentrate and strengthen ecclesiastical action. The Council has deliberately arrayed the Church authority against liberty and toleration. It has specified the points of its hostility. It has resolved that the Roman Church shall oppose the progress of civilization. The liberal and humanizing tendencies of Churchmen like MONTALEMBERT and HYACINTHE, and of the Congress of Malines, it utterly rejects. It defies science and the human mind. What then? "Mr. STEVENSON, suppose your locomotive at full speed encountered a cow upon the track. What then?" "So much the worse for the coo!" replied Mr. STEVENSON.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

THE telegram from Count BISMARCK to the Prussian Minister at Washington, "Private property on the high seas will be exempt from seizure, without regard to reciprocity," is a significant sign of the progress of civilization. This protection transcends that of the Treaty of Paris, to which Prussia was a party. The Treaty of Paris abolished privateering, and made neutral goods safe under an enemy's flag, and enemy's goods safe under a neutral flag. The United States, however, declined to assent to the treaty, because the abolition of privateering was necessarily perilous to a great commercial nation without an ample navy. But they were willing to assent upon condition of the absolute freedom of the private property of a belligerent from seizure by the public armed vessels of the enemy.

This freedom, which is beyond that secured by the Treaty of Paris, is now conceded by Prussia. The security of private property "without regard to reciprocity" means the property of a belligerent, not contraband, under the enemy's flag. It is what Mr. MARCY demanded of the Congress of Paris. "If you will make all private property exempt from capture at sea we will cease privateering." Prussia declares the immunity of all merchant ships in a lawful trade. It is an immense progress. Yet it is strictly logical. A distinguished French authority says: "One can not admit that private property which is free even in the enemy's land itself, on the soil invaded by an army victorious, and invested with the right of conquest, can be justly taken and plundered on the sea—on that element, free by its nature, which is neither friendly nor hostile territory."

It is interesting, at this time, to recall that, in the temporary treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which was drawn up by Dr. FRANKLIN, the contracting powers promised not to privateer against each other; and, still further, engaged that all merchant vessels of either country, employed in regular commerce, should be unmolested by the other. These were signs of the constant tendency of international law upon the subject. It is a tendency to found it upon reason and humanity, rather than upon mere force. The rights of neutral trade—to say nothing of the peaceful commerce of belligerents—have been very slowly secured. The old rule, with exceptions and variations, was the will of the strongest maritime power. It was, in effect, that neutral goods are safe and enemy's goods unsafe under any flag. The present general rule, under the Treaty of Paris, is, that free ships make free goods. The rule virtually laid down by Prussia, in Count BISMARCK's dispatch, is, that enemy's merchant ships are free.

Upon hearing of this humane measure of Prussia, M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, the lamented French Minister, immediately waited upon the Secretary of State and assured him that France would exempt from seizure at sea all private property, without regard to the flag. He said that he had no instructions, but he knew that France would not do less than Prussia. It was an admirable confidence upon the part of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, and showed him to have the readiness and boldness of a skillful diplomatist. Such a rule is necessarily more for the advantage of Prussia, with a small navy, than for France, with her powerful fleet. But M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL probably considered the moral advantage. The feeling of this country is evidently not friendly to France in the war, and if she should seem less magnanimous than Prussia, in regard for the rights of neutrals, that feeling would become even more pronounced. The action of the French Minister, therefore, was very sagacious, and will, unquestionably, be approved by his Government, unless it had issued contrary orders.

These are humane facts that relieve the dense gloom of the impending conflict. Nor less significant a sign of the amelioration of the rules of international warfare is the remark of Secretary FISH, that were he a merchant he should not think it necessary to pay extra insurance for a war risk. In older times a war between maritime powers imperiled all peaceful commerce. But at last peaceful commerce gives laws to war.

MARRIED WOMEN IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

IT is curious that, while in England the House of Lords refuses to give to married women the control of their own separate property, in the United States certain excellent married women pray Congress not to intrust them with a voice in the disposition of their property. Would not these good ladies feel still more relieved if Congress should forbid their holding or acquiring any property? For they are aware, of course, that the privilege and the responsibility go together. If the public money is squandered it is generally because the tax-payers do not protest. And if a large part of the tax-payers insist upon refusing the power of protesting, they certainly offer good reason for suspecting that they ought not to be tax-payers. The argument of the ladies—which suggests the belief that it proceeds from their husbands—overshoots the mark. For if, as their petition alleges, because of many reasons, including that of "the higher sphere," which is more familiar than forcible, it is improper that women should be allowed to enjoy the just responsibilities of property, it is plainly improper that they should be allowed to own property.

We must assume, therefore, that these American married women approve the refusal of the House of Lords to give English married women the control of their property as a step at least in the right direction. We beg any one of the excellent ladies who may chance to read these words to read also the story of Hester Dethridge in WILKIE COLLINS's "Man and Wife," just now published, and they will see the necessary consequences of the system which springs naturally from their principle. Perhaps upon reflection they will admit that it can not be for the advantage of the state that half of the citizens should abdicate their share of the responsibility, or be deprived of it by the other half; and that the interests of the working-women of the country, for which these good ladies profess a profound concern, can not be promoted by those who are in favor of their property being taken from them without their consent. Nor, because these worthy ladies are unwilling to bear their share of the fair duty of every member of society, can we see either why they should request or Congress resolve that other equally worthy ladies who do not agree with them should be prevented from doing their duty.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

THOUGHTFUL Frenchmen probably now see a peculiar disadvantage in the personal government which, under changed conditions, still prevails in France. Except for the personal feeling of LOUIS NAPOLEON it is very doubtful if war would have been declared against Prussia. The Corps Législatif did what it knew the Emperor wished to do. The Foreign Minister spoke for the Emperor, without knowing what the French people might wish. But if the subject had been laid before an assembly honestly elected by the people, an assembly acting without fear of the Emperor, it is not at all clear that it would not have voted with M. THIERS rather than with M. ROUHER, and decided that France did not wish to go to war because the French Minister had insulted the King of Prussia. Indeed that Minister, a gentleman peculiarly versed in diplomatic etiquette, would not have violated the official proprieties but for his subservience to the imperial will. Nothing more plainly shows the ascendency of that will in the government of France than the war with Prussia. It is a move in LOUIS NAPOLEON's game with BISMARCK. But, like all his moves, it is, as THIERS called it, a blunder.

Undoubtedly there is popular enthusiasm for the war. Frenchmen and Prussians do not love each other. They are each proud in their own way. They each profess to love liberty. Perhaps the French are more passionate, the Prussians more obstinate. They are very near, and—"the river Rhine, it is well known, doth wash the city of Cologne," but also it washes much shore upon the French side which is yet not France. Therefore a good excuse to fight Prussia would undoubtedly have been seized even by a government of the people. But no such excuses as those that are offered would ever have been suggested except by a personal government. And as civilization advances surely the intelligence of a country like France will refuse to submit the alternative of peace or war to a single will. The new fundamental law of France declares that "the Emperor declares war." If it had provided that the representatives of the people declare war, the world would have been spared the ghastly spectacle it is about to behold.

A SWEET SIGHT.

WHO would believe that "corruptionists of the Ring," who perpetrate "shameless and cunning frauds," could give a great city a "good government?" And how weighty the denunciations of fraud against opponents are in a journal that praises corruptionists of its own party!

Last summer the *World* said that it had seen

"By what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR."

This summer the *World* says:

"The amount of work which Mr. TWEED, Mr. HALL, and Mr. CONNOLLY are each turning off and going through with, even in this hot weather, is perfectly astonishing. It is, in fact, a marvel how they go through with it all, bored as they are all the time, night and day, with scores of applicants for office. But the energy which they exhibit, and the close attention which each pays to the details of every thing under their charge, shows that they are, as far as it lies within their power, determined to give the city a good government, and fulfill their promises. At any rate, they are making all departments efficient, and before one year rolls around the public will begin to realize the benefits of the change in our city government."

How beautiful to see brethren dwelling together in unity!

RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

MR. SMITH puts his point vigorously:

"MR. EDITOR,—Observing that your paper has been foremost in the effort to protect passengers from abuse, etc., at the hands of railroad monopolies, I take the liberty of making a suggestion, and hope that you will think the point of sufficient importance to attract your attention.

"It is this: All carriers of passengers should, by legislative enactment, be made subject to the same restrictions, penalties, and rules that govern common carriers.

"As the law now stands, a carrier of freight and passengers is obliged to use more care in the transportation of a box of cobble-stones or straw than a car of human beings.

"In the former case he is answerable for every damage except that done by the act of God and national enemies; in the latter, only for negligence—which can never be proved.

"Yours, etc., JOHN SMITH."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW YORK "repeater" was recently convicted on the charge of attempting to vote in another man's name last May, and sentenced by Judge Barnard to one year's imprisonment.

The conductor and engineer of the accommodation train, and the conductor of the mail train, on the New Hampshire Northern Railroad, have been indicted for manslaughter, in causing the death of the engineer of the mail train in the collision on that road July 13.

Even the last Canadian *fiasco* has not taught the Fenians wisdom. The chairman of the Executive Committee of the brotherhood in Philadelphia has issued a call for a convention of the "Irish nationalists of America, irrespective of past differences or organizations," to be held August 23, in Cincinnati, to adopt such measures as will promote the cause of Irish independence.

Our Canadian friends recently undertook to enforce the fishery laws against Americans fishing for pleasure along their coast, and actually seized boats and tackle belonging to parties thus engaged. The central authorities, however, take a more sensible view of the matter, and have ordered the restoration of the confiscated property. Hereafter gratuitous permits will be furnished if applied for, which will effectually guard pleasure parties against annoyance.

Lady Franklin has been in conference with Captain C. F. Hall in regard to his proposed trip to the Arctic Ocean. She still hopes to obtain more definite intelligence respecting the death of her husband.

The provisions of the postal convention, by which a cheap rate of postage to Germany was attained, are inoperative, at present, in consequence of the French and Prussian war, and all mail matter for North Germany and countries beyond will be sent by closed mail *via* Great Britain, at the rates established for that route of transmission.

Upon application for artificial limbs by officers and soldiers, wounded in the service of the United States, orders will be given by the Surgeon-General at Washington upon any manufacturer selected, who shall have filed bonds to furnish good and satisfactory limbs without extra charge to the soldier. Transportation to and from the place of fitting the limb will also be furnished.

The Secretary of the Interior proposes, if the authority is conferred upon him, to take Indian boys of suitable age, apprentice them to farmers until they learn how to till the soil, and then return them to their tribes, with implements and other things necessary for farming. In this manner he thinks the Indians can be civilized.

It is stated that M. Treilihard, the present French Minister to Chili, will be accredited to Washington as the successor of M. Prévost-Paradol.

General Stoneman has arrived at Prescott, Arizona, and assumed command of the Department. His first order issued to post commanders was to regard all Indians as hostile. The reports from the Territory in reference to the crops and mining are favorable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London *Times* of July 25 publishes a projected treaty submitted by France to the Prussian Government, and guarantees its authenticity. The following are the points of this document:

The preamble sets forth that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French, in order to strengthen the ties of friendship between the two governments and peoples, etc., hereby conclude the subjoined treaty.

In the first article, Napoleon admits and recognizes the late acquisitions of Prussia from Austria.

In the second, the Prussian King engages to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxembourg.

In the third, the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North and South German States, Austria excepted.

In the fourth, France finding it necessary to absorb Belgium, Prussia lends her assistance to that measure.

The fifth article is the usual one of offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

Up to the time of writing no engagement of any importance has taken place between the two armies of France and Prussia. On July 23 a Prussian force from Saarlouis crossed the French border to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Metz. After proceeding a short distance they met a troop of French chasseurs, with whom they had a brief skirmish, and retired with a loss of several killed. French troops have also made a reconnoissance on Prussian soil.

The declaration of war sent by France to Prussia declares that the Emperor of the French was obliged to consider the proposal to elevate a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain as an attack on the security of France; that he desired that Prussia should disavow the scheme, which Prussia refused to do, reserving her right to be governed by circumstances; and that the Emperor was forced to consider this determination as equally menacing to France and the European equilibrium, and, particularly, as it was rendered the more significant by the communication made by Prussia to the Cabinets of Europe, giving an account of the refusal to receive the French embassador. The declaration concludes:

"The French Government, therefore, is taking steps for the defense of its honor and injured interests, and having adopted all measures which the circumstances render necessary, considers itself at war with Prussia."

The Italian Government has issued a proclamation of neutrality. Advices from Vienna and St. Petersburg are to the effect that Austria and Russia will pursue the same course.

General Moltke is said to have stated in the Prussian Cabinet Council that Prussia was never better prepared for war than now. The Crown Prince Frederick William will command the South German armies. Prince Frederick Charles will command the armies of the North.

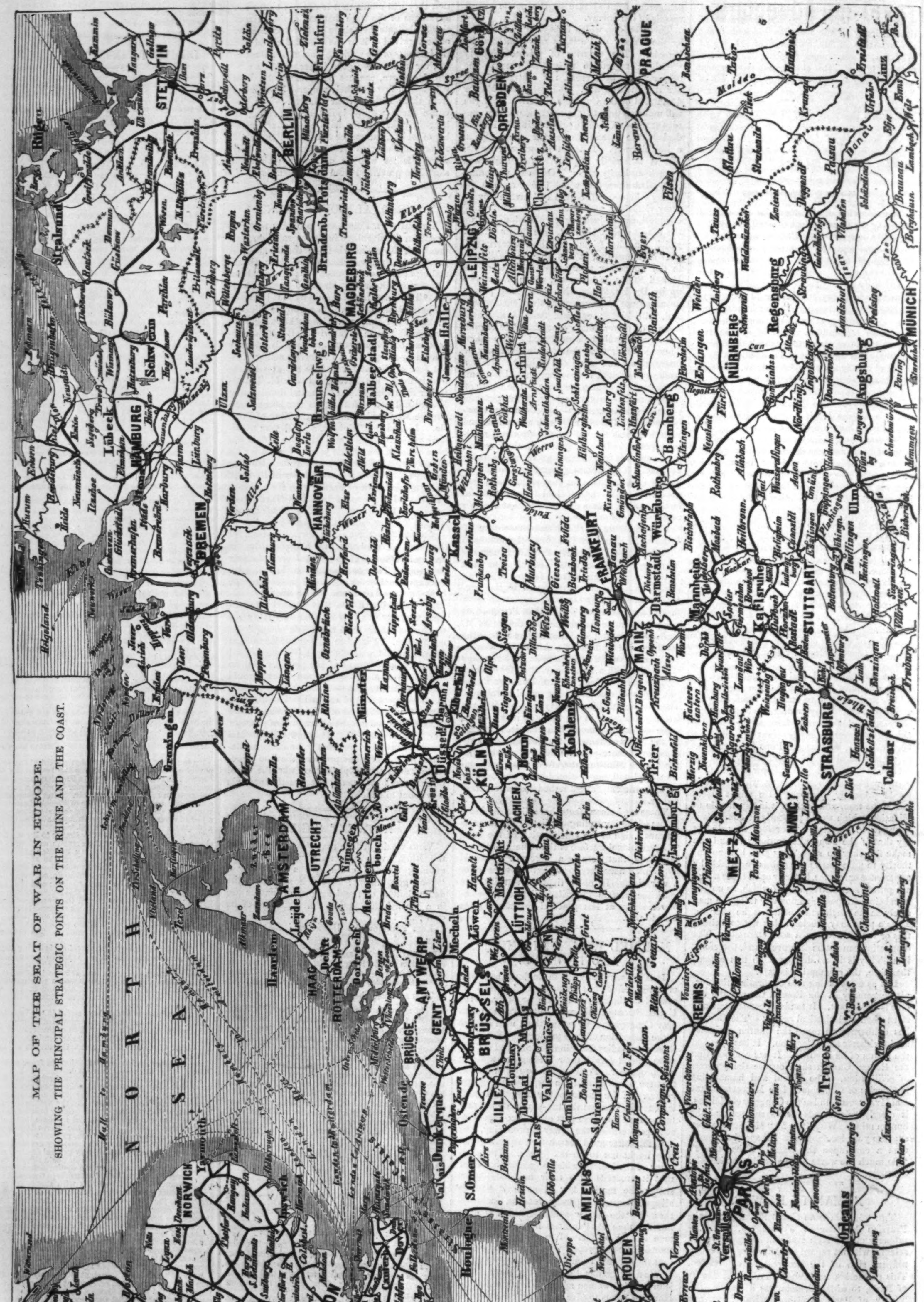
Several large Fenian demonstrations in favor of the French have taken place in Ireland.

After being several times denied and reaffirmed, the news of the Pekin massacre at length appears to have been too true. Full details of the dreadful occurrence have been received in London, and the first accounts, it is said, were not exaggerated. In the butchery neither age nor sex was spared, and in some instances persons were burned to death in the houses destroyed.

The dogma of Infallibility was proclaimed on the 18th of July by the Pope, with imposing ceremonies. The news was received with very general disfavor all over Europe. The press in Catholic Spain ridicule the new doctrine; and in France the distinguished historian, Henry Martin, published an article in the *Siècle*, in which France is urged to break with Rome, on the ground "that the extravagant pretensions of the Pope are fatal to the liberties of the Gallican Church." Immediately after the promulgation of the new dogma the prelates hastened their departure from Rome. It was said of them in the city: "They came as shepherds, and leave as sheep—well shorn." A pamphlet has been issued in Rome, ascribed to Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, with the title, "What has Passed the Council." It is said to have created a sensation, and a formal complaint was lodged against it.

In the French High Court, at Blois, July 18, a motion for a postponement, on account of the approaching war, in the case of those accused of conspiracy, was denied, and the trial was proceeded with. Baron Rothschild, who was drawn on the jury, failed to appear, and a fine of 5000 francs was imposed on him.

It has been reported that the Cuban volunteers in Remedios had assassinated forty-two of the citizens of that place, and that the ladies in the city were obliged to work on the streets in chain-gangs; but a more recent dispatch from Havana pronounces the story a wanton invention, and asserts that nothing of the kind has occurred.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.
SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL STRATEGIC POINTS ON THE RHINE AND THE COAST.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VIII.

Destitution and Despondency.—Migration of Seals.—Gathering Mussels at Low Tide.—An Earthquake Shock.—The Beginning of Winter.—The Combat in the Chasm.—The Return by Night.

IN the mean time, while the long and tedious operation of making shoes, described in the preceding chapter, was going on, the autumn and early winter months were passing away, bringing with them nothing but hope deferred. The weather became almost continually stormy. Sometimes for a fortnight the sun was not seen. This gloomy aspect of the skies added a deeper tinge to the despondency which was gradually gaining possession of the spirits of the men. Their health began to suffer seriously from the effects of their unwholesome food, their severe exposures, and their incessant mental anxiety. In all of them the operation of these causes began in the end to produce a morbid condition of the nervous system, which caused them great distress and suffering. Sights and sounds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been regarded with indifference, produced indescribable but irresistible emotions of gloom, and even of terror. The noise of the surf rolling in continually upon the shore, and the perpetual roaring of the wind among the trees, became almost insupportable. They seemed like demoniac voices incessantly calling to the wretched outcasts, and tantalizing them with the hopelessness of their cruel destiny. In a word, they were on the verge of insanity.

GATHERING MUSSELS AT LOW TIDE.

Fortunately for them, they were aroused from this condition of despondency and gloom by a phenomenon which suddenly appeared and strongly attracted their attention; which, by the surprise and wonder which it awakened, turned the current of their thoughts. They observed, in the midst of the calm, an unusual agitation of the waters of the bay, at first without apparent cause. They soon found, however, that the commotion was caused by a multitude of seals, swimming about hither and thither, and increasing in numbers every moment. They were at first overjoyed at this sight, thinking that now they should be provided with an abundant supply of food. But their joy was soon turned into alarm at finding that this extraordinary concourse was the gathering of the seals of that vicinity for their annual migration. The whole school in a short time proceeded in a body down the bay, leaving the men in dismay at what seemed to be the final loss of their only resource for food during the winter that was coming on.

Their supplies of food were chiefly confined, after this, to the occasional captures which they could make among the few seals which had been left behind in the migration of the main body, and to the half salted, half smoke-dried meat which they had preserved. They found it necessary at once to put themselves upon a daily allowance, though they eked out their scanty fare to some extent by gathering mussels among the rocks along the shore when the tide was low. It is not wonderful that under these circumstances their health began seriously to suffer, and their spirits became more and more depressed. Mr. Raynal says that nothing but their resolution in keeping themselves incessantly busy saved them from sinking into utter despair.

Perhaps the gloomiest and most sorrowful and despairing night that they passed during this time of their sorest trial was a short time after this, when they were all suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the shock of an earthquake. The shock was not very severe; but it is not difficult to imagine how terrible the effect of being aroused out of sleep at midnight by such an alarm must have been upon minds so morbidly sensitive as theirs had become.

The shock was but momentary, but, while it lasted, was attended by the usual rumbling sounds, and by the shaking of the cabin, and the rattling of every thing contained in it. Some brands were even rolled out from the fire upon the floor, so that they had to spring out of bed to save their cabin from a conflagration. In ten or fifteen seconds, however, the commotion died away, but the men were too much oppressed with the sense of awe and solemnity which it had inspired to return to their beds. They gathered in a circle around the fire, and Captain Musgrave, to cheer and comfort them, took the Bible and read passages from it here and there. He selected such as referred to the goodness and mercy of God, and the watchful providence which He exercises over all His creatures, even the most lowly, and the special regard that He felt for man, whom He had created above all the rest of His creatures, and whom He loved with the love of a father for his children.

These gracious words cheered and comforted the men very much. They listened to the reading with the most devout and solemn attention.

The men had now given up all hope of being rescued that season, for the winter had fairly set in. When, however, they had passed the solstice, and the sun began to return toward the south, and the days began to lengthen, the extreme depression of their spirits began to be somewhat lightened, aided by the effect of constant employment during the day, and by the occupation of mind afforded by the evening school, which was still regularly continued. The work connected with the operation of tanning the leather and making the shoes gave them all much employment; and when the weather allowed they went on hunting expeditions after seals; for, in the migration, many, it seems, had been left behind. Among the rest, Old Tom remained, and the men encountered him at his old abode not long after the others went away. This happened one day when, after a long storm, the wind had subsided, and the sea was comparatively calm, they set out on an excursion in their boat to the western branch of the bay, in hopes of finding some remaining seal. They were all weak and weary, and could advance only slowly and with difficulty, and were obliged to stop often to rest.

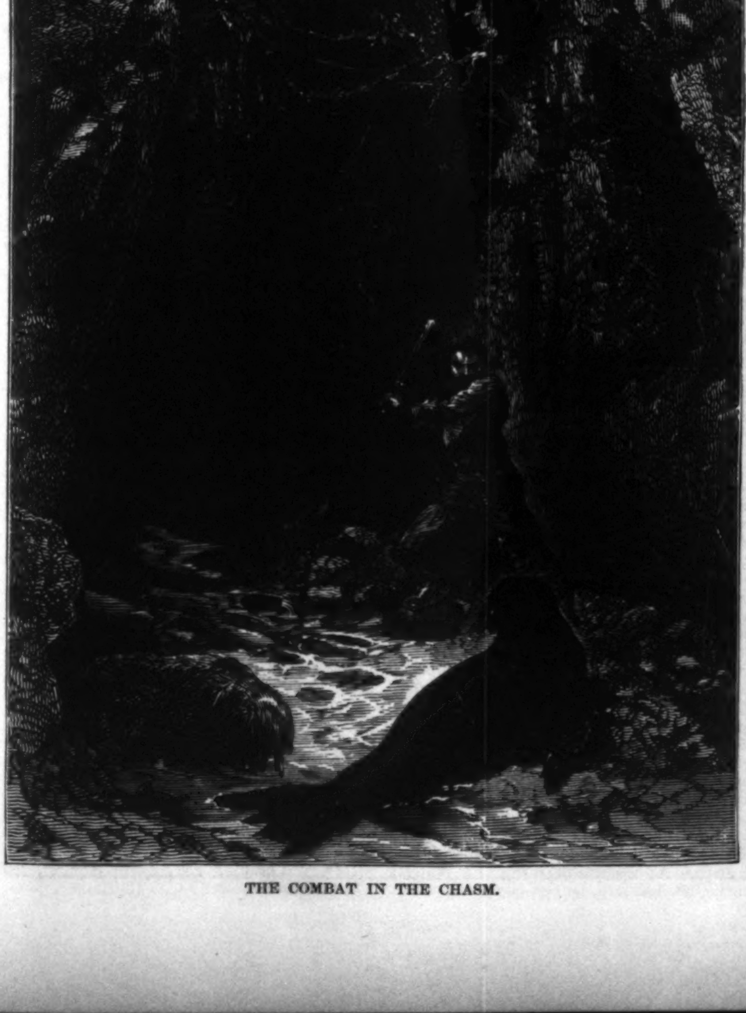
At one of these stoppings, while Aleck was fastening the boat to a point of the rock, Captain Musgrave called to them to listen. He heard, he thought, something like a low, muttered growl above them.

The men seized their arms—Mr. Raynal his gun and the others their clubs—and climbed up the rocks. There they found Old Tom, and two females with him as old as himself. It seemed that they were too feeble to accompany the rest in their migration, and had concluded to remain, in their old age, at their summer home, leaving the younger ones to incur the fatigue and danger of seeking a change of climate. Old Tom seemed to recognize his visitors, having encountered them several times before, and he came forward to meet them growling. The men seemed to feel quite a sentiment of compassion for this old patriarch and his wives in their solitude and isolation, and would gladly have spared their lives. But their necessities were imperious. They killed all three of them, put their carcasses into the bottom of the boat, and returned to their camp, with hearts much lightened at having obtained a supply of even such food. They reached Epigwait at four o'clock, but it was so near the time of the winter solstice that it was dark before they arrived.

When the supply thus obtained was exhausted Aleck went off one day on foot along the coast to the northward to see what he could find. The others had little expectation that he would meet with any success, but, to their great surprise and joy, in about an hour they saw him coming in sight, among the rocks, bearing a heavy burden on his back. They ran to meet him, and were overjoyed to find that it was a young seal that he was bringing. He had found it with its mother on the shore, and had killed them both.

After relieving Aleck of his burden the whole party set out to bring in the carcass of the mother. They all went on together for some distance, and then Mr. Raynal and George separated from the rest to go through the thickets a little way inland, in order to avoid a place near the shore which was encumbered with sharp rocks, rendered dangerous by wet sea-weed clinging to them. Pretty soon they came to a brook which issued from a deep chasm. This chasm was about six feet wide and thirty feet deep. The water of the brook, on issuing from it, spread itself out over the level ground toward the shore and formed a bog difficult to pass.

A remarkable peculiarity of this chasm was that it was closed over at the surface of the ground above, for about one hundred feet, by the



THE COMBAT IN THE CHASM.

THE RETURN BY NIGHT.

roots of trees and vines and mosses, and other creeping forms of vegetation, which had reached across it and grown so thick as to form a bed sufficiently dense at a certain part to enable a person to cross the chasm upon it as by a bridge. It was, in fact, a natural bridge formed by the luxuriance of the vegetation.

Mr. Raynal and George, in making their way through the thickets, came to this spot, climbing as they advanced over the fallen trees, and pushing aside the vines and bushes, when, suddenly, they heard a rustling among the leaves and branches not far from them, and cautiously advancing, espied a seal. They immediately set off in pursuit of him. Several times Mr. Raynal was on the point of reaching him with his club, but, being so much impeded in his progress by the difficulties of the way, the seal eluded him. In a few minutes more he heard a crash, followed by a sound like the fall of a heavy body. The seal had broken through the bridge of roots and moss, and tumbled into the chasm below. Mr. Raynal, being close behind him, came very near falling through too.

He immediately called to George to run down and station himself at the place where the brook issued from the chasm, to prevent the seal from escaping into the sea. He himself resolved to follow the seal. So, hanging his club to his neck by the cord which was attached to the end of it, he forced his way through an opening in the covering of the fissure, and lowered himself down by means of the roots and vines hanging by the sides of it, until he nearly reached the bottom, and then let himself drop to the ground. When he had thus reached the bottom he found himself in a dark tunnel, as it were, for the chasm was so densely covered by the vegetation above that the light was almost entirely excluded.

He groped his way along in the direction which the seal had taken, feeling his way by the roots and vines hanging from the walls, and walking in the ice-cold water of the brook. As he advanced, and his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see his way better; but before long he arrived at a place where the shrubs and roots from the sides, and the long vines and creepers trailing down from above, almost closed the passage. He made his way through this curtain, and found himself in what seemed a dark cavern. There was a small opening in the thickets which closed the passage at the lower end, through which he could look out toward the sea. Near this opening was the seal, motionless. He had come in sight of George watching to intercept him at the exit from the chasm, and he stopped, as it seemed, to consider what it was best for him to do.

As soon as he saw Mr. Raynal and perceived that he was thus hemmed in between his two deadly foes, without any way of escape, he seemed to grow desperate. He began to advance at once toward Mr. Raynal, with the usual grunt of rage and defiance. There was just light enough for Mr. Raynal to observe dimly his motions, and he waited for his advance with his club raised in the air, ready to strike. His situation was very critical, for he knew well that if, through the obscurity, in bringing down the club, he should miss his mark, or even fail to give an effectual blow, he would be himself at the mercy of the ferocious animal. "Now here he is," said Mr. Raynal, in concluding the narrative, "within reach. Down comes my club upon his head. He drops, stunned. He beats the ground a moment with his paddles, and dies."

Mr. Raynal rolled the carcass into the brook, in order to lighten it in some degree by the floatage, and dragged it in this way to the outlet of the cavern. There he found George, who aided him in forcing it out through an opening, which was, however, so narrow that he himself, in following, was obliged to creep on his hands and knees through the water. The seal was then cut up into quarters, and each man taking two, they conveyed them home.

They found on their arrival at the cabin that the other men had not returned. So they took their lantern—one which they had procured with the other articles that they had saved from the ship—and went in pursuit of them. It will be recollected that they had gone to bring home the carcass of the lioness which Aleck had killed, and had left on the spot in order to carry home the young one and procure help. They found their two comrades at the place where the body of the lioness lay; but they had been so much delayed by the labor of cutting up the carcass and preparing it to be transported, and by other difficulties and delays, that it had become too dark for them to find their way back over the sharp and ragged rocks. So they had come to the conclusion that they must spend the night in the open air, and had chosen for their place of refuge the sheltered side of a fallen tree. There Mr. Raynal and George, by the light of their lantern, found them huddled together, shivering with the cold, and waiting patiently for the long night to pass away.

They were, of course, overjoyed to see their friends coming, and with a lantern too. With the aid of its light they thought that they should have no difficulty in making their way home, even though embarrassed by the heavy burdens which they had to bear. So they took severally their respective shares of the load, one of them bearing the lantern and leading the way.

That night the interior of the cabin presented a festive and joyous spectacle. The abundance of food which they had secured relieved the men from all immediate anxiety. Harry, who had charge of the interior arrangements that week, had built a blazing fire, and had set the table with unusual care. He had nicely brightened up the plates and all the utensils required, and had arranged them upon the table in a very precise and symmetrical manner, as though he were preparing to receive company on a festive occasion. Thus, not only was the warmth of the cabin extremely grateful to the men, coming in from the night-air, but the whole interior wore so bright and cheerful an expression that their hearts were cheered and gladdened by the influence of the scene itself upon their senses, as well as by the joyous thought that they were once more abundantly supplied with food. After relieving themselves of their burdens, and enjoying for a short time the warmth and the cheering influences of the fire, they gathered round the table, in the centre of which Harry had placed a large piece of roast seal, smoking hot; but before they commenced their meal they paused, at Captain Musgrave's suggestion, to render their united thanks to Almighty God for having interposed so mercifully to relieve them in their distress, and to bring all their trouble to an issue so full of comfort and joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

(Continued.)

THE END.

The church clock struck the quarter to eleven. Hester Dethridge showed herself at the back garden door. Geoffrey crossed the lawn, and joined her. The light of the lamp in the passage fell on his face. She started back from the sight of it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She shook her head; and pointed through the dining-room door to the brandy-bottle on the table.

"I'm as sober as you are, you fool!" he said. "Whatever else it is, it's not that."

Hester looked at him again. He was right. However unsteady his gait might be, his speech was not the speech, his eyes were not the eyes, of a drunken man.

"Is she in her room for the night?"

Hester made the affirmative sign.

Geoffrey ascended the stairs, swaying from side to side. He stopped at the top, and beckoned to Hester to join him. He went on into his room; and, signing to her to follow him, closed the door.

He looked at the partition wall—without approaching it. Hester waited, behind him.

"Is she asleep?" he asked.

Hester went to the wall; listened at it; and made the affirmative reply.

He sat down. "My head's queer," he said. "Give me a drink of water." He drank part of the water, and poured the rest over his head. Hester turned toward the door to leave him. He instantly stopped her. "*I* can't unwind the strings. *I* can't lift up the paper. Do it."

She sternly made the sign of refusal: she resolutely opened the door to leave him. "Do you want your Confession back?" he asked. She closed the door, stolidly submissive in an instant; and crossed to the partition wall.

She lifted the loose strips of paper on either side of the wall—pointed through the hollowed place—and drew back again to the other end of the room.

He rose and walked unsteadily from the chair to the foot of his bed. Holding by the wood-work of the bed, he waited a little. While he waited, he became conscious of a change in the strange sensations that possessed him. A feeling as of a breath of cold air passed over the right side of his head. He became steady again: he could calculate his distances: he could put his hands through the hollowed place, and draw aside the light curtains, hanging from the hook in the ceiling over the head of her bed. He could look at his sleeping wife.

She was dimly visible, by the light of the candle placed at the other end of the room. The worn and weary look had disappeared from her face. All that had been purest and sweetest in it, in the by-gone time, seemed to be renewed by the deep sleep that held her gently. She was young again in the dim light: she was beautiful in her calm repose. Her head lay back on the pillow. Her upturned face was in a position which placed her completely at the mercy of the man under whose eyes she was sleeping—the man who was looking at her, with the merciless resolution in him to take her life.

After waiting a while, he drew back. "She's more like a child than a woman to-night," he muttered to himself under his breath. He glanced across the room at Hester Dethridge. The lighted candle which she had brought up stairs with her was burning near the place where she stood. "Blow it out," he whispered. She never moved. He repeated the direction. There she stood, deaf to him.

What was she doing? She was looking fixedly into one of the corners of the room.

He turned his head again toward the hollowed place in the wall. He looked at the peaceful face on the pillow once more. He deliberately revived his own vindictive sense of the debt that he owed her. "But for you," he whispered to himself, "I should have won the race: but for you, I should have been friends with my father: but for you, I might marry Mrs. Glenarm." He turned back again into the room while the sense of it was at its fiercest in him. He looked round and round him. He took up a towel; considered for a moment; and threw it down again.

A new idea struck him. In two steps he was at the side of his bed. He seized on one of the pillows, and looked suddenly at Hester. "It's not a drunken brute, this time," he said to her. "It's a woman who will fight for her life. The pillow's the safest of the two." She never answered him, and never looked toward him. He made once more for the place in the wall; and stopped midway between it and his bed—stopped, and cast a backward glance over his shoulder.

Hester Dethridge was stirring at last.

With no third person in the room, she was looking, and moving, nevertheless, as if she was following a third person along the wall, from the corner. Her lips were parted in horror; her eyes, opening wider and wider, stared rigid and glittering at the empty wall. Step by step, she stole nearer and nearer to Geoffrey, still following some visionary Thing, which was stealing nearer and nearer, too. He asked himself what it meant. Was the terror of the deed that he was about to do more than the woman's brain could bear? Would she burst out screaming, and wake his wife?

He hurried to the place in the wall—to seize the chance, while the chance was his.

He steadied his strong hold on the pillow.

He stooped to pass it through the opening.

He poised it over Anne's sleeping face.

At the same moment he felt Hester Dethridge's hand laid on him from behind. The touch ran through him, from head to foot, like a touch of ice. He drew back with a start, and faced her. Her eyes were staring straight over his shoulder at something behind him—looking as they had looked in the garden at Windygates.

Before he could speak he felt the flash of her eyes in *his* eyes. For the third time, she had seen the Apparition behind him. The homicidal frenzy possessed her. She flew at his throat like a wild beast. The feeble old woman attacked the athlete!

He dropped the pillow, and lifted his terrible right arm to brush her from him, as he might have brushed an insect from him.

Even as he raised the arm a frightful distortion seized on his face. As if with an invisible hand, it dragged down the brow and the eyelid on the right; it dragged down the mouth on the same side. His arm fell helpless; his whole body, on the side under the arm, gave way. He dropped on the floor, like a man shot dead.

Hester Dethridge pounced on his prostrate body—knelt on his broad breast—and fastened her ten fingers on his throat.

* * * * * * *

The shock of the fall woke Anne on the instant. She started up—looked round—and saw a gap in the wall at the head of her bed, and the candle-light glimmering in the next room. Panic-stricken; doubting, for a moment, if she were in her right mind, she drew back, waiting—listening—looking. She saw nothing but the glimmering light in the room; she heard nothing but a hoarse gasping, as of some person laboring for breath. The sound ceased. There was an interval of silence. Then the head of Hester Dethridge rose slowly into sight through the gap in the wall—rose with the glittering light of madness in the eyes; and looked at her.

She flew to the open window, and screamed for help.

Sir Patrick's voice answered her, from the road in front of the cottage.

"Wait for me, for God's sake!" she cried.

She fled from the room, and rushed down the stairs. In another moment, she had opened the door, and was out in the front garden.

As she ran to the gate, she heard the voice of a strange man on the other side of it. Sir Patrick called to her encouragingly. "The policeman is with us," he said. "He patrols the garden at night—he has a key." As he spoke the gate was opened from the outside. She saw Sir Patrick, Arnold, and the policeman. She staggered toward them as they came in—she was just able to say, "Up stairs!" before her senses failed her. Sir Patrick saved her from falling. He placed her on the bench in the garden, and waited by her, while Arnold and the policeman hurried into the cottage.

"Where first?" asked Arnold.

"The room the lady called from," said the policeman.

They mounted the stairs, and entered Anne's room. The gap in the wall was instantly observed by both of them. They looked through it.

Geoffrey Delamayn's dead body lay on the floor. Hester Dethridge was kneeling at his head, praying.

Epilogue.

A MORNING CALL.

I.

The newspapers have announced the return of Lord and Lady Holchester to their residence in London, after an absence on the continent of more than six months.

It is the height of the season. All day long, within the canonical hours, the door of Holchester House is perpetually opening to receive visitors. The vast majority leave their cards, and go away again. Certain privileged individuals only, get out of their carriages, and enter the house.

Among these last, arriving at an earlier hour than is customary, is a person of distinction who is positively bent on seeing either the master or the mistress of the house, and who will take no denial. While this person is parleying with the chief of the servants, Lord Holchester, passing from one room to another, happens to cross the inner end of the hall. The person instantly darts at him with a cry of "Dear Lord Holchester!" Julius turns, and sees—Lady Lundie!

He is fairly caught, and he gives way with his best grace. As he opens the door of the nearest room for her ladyship, he furtively consults his watch, and says in his inmost soul, "How am I to get rid of her before the others come?"

Lady Lundie settles down on a sofa in a whirlwind of silk and lace, and becomes, in her own majestic way, "perfectly charming." She makes the most affectionate inquiries about Lady Holchester, about the Dowager Lady Holchester, about Julius himself. Where have they been? what have they seen? have time and change helped them to recover the shock of that dreadful event, to which Lady Lundie dare not more particularly allude? Julius answers resignedly, and a little absently. He makes polite inquiries, on his side, as to her ladyship's plans and proceedings—with a mind uneasily conscious of the inexorable lapse of time, and of certain probabilities which that lapse may bring with it. Lady Lundie has very little to say about herself. She is only in town for a few weeks. Her life is a life of retirement. "My modest round of duties at Windygates, Lord Holchester; occasionally relieved, when my mind is overworked, by the society of a few earnest friends whose views harmonize with my own—my existence passes (not quite uselessly, I hope) in that way. I have no news; I see nothing—except, indeed, yesterday, a sight of the saddest kind." She pauses there. Julius observes that he is expected to make inquiries, and makes them accordingly.

Lady Lundie hesitates; announces that her news refers to that painful past event which she has already touched on; acknowledges that she could not find herself in London without feeling an act of duty involved in making inquiries at the asylum in which Hester Dethridge is confined for life; announces that she has not only made the inquiries, but has seen the unhappy woman herself, has spoken to her, has found her unconscious of her dreadful position, incapable of the smallest exertion of memory, resigned to the existence that she leads, and likely (in the opinion of the medical superintendent) to live for some years to come. Having stated these facts, her ladyship is about to make a few of those "remarks appropriate to the occasion," in which she excels, when the door opens; and Lady Holchester, in search of her missing husband, enters the room.

II.

There is a new outburst of affectionate interest on Lady Lundie's part—met civilly, but not cordially, by Lady Holchester. Julius's wife seems, like Julius, to be uneasily conscious of the lapse of time. Like Julius again, she privately wonders how long Lady Lundie is going to stay.

Lady Lundie shows no signs of leaving the sofa. She has evidently come to Holchester House to say something—and she has not said it yet. Is she going to say it? Yes. She is going to get, by a roundabout way, to the object in view. She has another inquiry of the affectionate sort to make. May she be permitted to resume the subject of Lord and Lady Holchester's travels? They have been at Rome. Can they confirm the shocking intelligence which has reached her of the "apostasy" of Mrs. Glenarm?

Lady Holchester can confirm it, by personal experience. Mrs. Glenarm has renounced the world, and has taken refuge in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. Lady Holchester has seen her in a convent at Rome. She is passing through the period of her probation; and she is resolved to take the veil. Lady Lundie, as a good Protestant, lifts her hands in horror—declares the topic to be too painful to dwell on—and, by way of varying it, goes straight to the point at last. Has Lady Holchester, in the course of her continental experience, happened to meet with, or to hear of—Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?

"I have ceased, as you know, to hold any communication with my relatives," Lady Lundie explains. "The course they took at the time of our family trial—the sympathy they felt with a Person whom I can not even now trust myself to name more particularly—alienated us from each other. I may be grieved, dear Lady Holchester; but I bear no malice. And I shall always feel a motherly interest in hearing of Blanche's welfare. I have been told that she and her husband were traveling, at the time when you and Lord Holchester were traveling. Did you meet with them?"

Julius and his wife looked at each other. Lord Holchester is dumb. Lady Holchester replies:

"We saw Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth at Florence, and afterward at Naples, Lady Lundie. They returned to England a week since, in anticipation of a certain happy event, which will possibly increase the members of your family circle. They are now in London. Indeed, I may tell you that we expect them here to lunch to-day."

Having made this plain statement, Lady Holchester looks at Lady Lundie. (If *that* doesn't hasten her departure, nothing will!)

Quite useless! Lady Lundie holds her ground. Having heard absolutely nothing of her relatives for the last six months, she is burning with curiosity to hear more. There is a name she has not mentioned yet. She places a certain constraint upon herself, and mentions it now.

"And Sir Patrick?" says her ladyship, subsiding into a gentle melancholy, suggestive of past injuries condoned by Christian forgiveness. "I only know what report tells me. Did you meet with Sir Patrick at Florence and Naples, also?"

Julius and his wife look at each other again. The clock in the hall strikes. Julius shudders. Lady Holchester's patience begins to give way. There is an awkward pause. Somebody must say something. As before, Lady Holchester replies:

"Sir Patrick went abroad, Lady Lundie, with his niece and her husband; and Sir Patrick has come back with them."

"In good health?" her ladyship inquires.

"Younger than ever," Lady Holchester rejoins.

Lady Lundie smiles satirically. Lady Holchester notices the smile; decides that mercy shown to *this* woman is mercy misplaced; and announces (to her husband's horror) that she has news to tell of Sir Patrick, which will probably take his sister-in-law by surprise.

Lady Lundie waits eagerly to hear what the news is.

"It is no secret," Lady Holchester proceeds—"though it is only known, as yet, to a few intimate friends. Sir Patrick has made an important change in his life."

Lady Lundie's charming smile suddenly dies out.

"Sir Patrick is not only a very clever and a very agreeable man," Lady Holchester resumes, a little maliciously; "he is also, in all his habits and ways (as you well know), a man younger than his years—who still possesses many of the qualities which seldom fail to attract women."

Lady Lundie starts to her feet.

"You don't mean to tell me, Lady Holchester, that Sir Patrick is married?"

"I do."

Her ladyship drops back on the sofa; helpless, really and truly helpless, under the double blow that has fallen on her. She is not only struck out of her place as the chief woman of the family, but (still on the right side of forty) she is socially superannuated, as The Dowager Lady Lundie, for the rest of her life!

"At his age!" she exclaims, as soon as she can speak.

"Pardon me for reminding you," Lady Holchester answers, "that plenty of men marry at Sir Patrick's age. In his case, it is only due to him to say that his motive raises him beyond the reach of ridicule or reproach. His marriage is a good action, in the highest sense of the word. It does honor to *him*, as well as to the lady who shares his position and his name."

"A young girl, of course!" is Lady Lundie's next remark.

"No. A woman who has been tried by no common suffering, and who has borne her hard lot nobly. A woman who deserves the calmer and the happier life on which she is entering now."

"May I ask who she is?"

Before the question can be answered, a knock at the house door announces the arrival of visitors. For the third time, Julius and his wife look at each other. On this occasion, Julius interferes.

"My wife has already told you, Lady Lundie, that we expect Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth to lunch. Sir Patrick, and the new Lady Lundie, accompany them. If I am mistaken in supposing that it might not be quite agreeable to you to meet them, I can only ask your pardon. If I am right, I will leave Lady Holchester to receive our friends, and will do myself the honor of taking you into another room."

He advances to the door of an inner room. He offers his arm to Lady Lundie. Her ladyship stands immovable; determined to see the woman who has supplanted her. In a moment more, the door of entrance from the hall is thrown open; and the servant announces, "Sir Patrick and Lady Lundie. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth."

Lady Lundie looks at the woman who has taken her place at the head of the family; and sees—Anne Silvester!

THE END.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

By referring to our carefully engraved map on page 500, which shows the greater part of France and Prussia, our readers will be able to follow without difficulty the accounts of the movements of the hostile armies.

On the left bank of the Rhine the principal strategic points are Metz, Thionville, and Forbach. The first-named city, lying at the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, is one of the most strongly fortified places in France. It contains a population of about 65,000. Until 1728 the town was nothing but a collection of narrow streets, dirty and badly built; but since that time it has been so thoroughly reconstructed that but few souvenirs of its ancient picturesque squalidity remain, and it is now adorned with all the modern improvements of wide, well-shaded streets and courts, good wharves, well-built and delightful promenades. The houses are constructed solidly of stone, are generally of a very simple architecture, and have rarely four floors. A great number have gardens attached. Some streets on the right bank of the Moselle are very steep, and are impassable for carriages. Confined now in narrower limits than it was formerly, the city of Metz beholds a part of its monuments, its abbeys, and its churches replaced by immense fortifications, of such extent that a besieging army of at least 120,000 men would be required to invest it thoroughly. The city has not been taken since it was surrounded by a wall. The approaches to the town are defended by two forts, six lunettes, and one earth-work. The two forts were built by the celebrated Cormontaigne. That of Belle Croix, with the lunette of Cheneau, presents a development of galleries of mines of about 10,000 metres, and crowns on the east the heights from which one can leap into the city. The other, called Fort Moselle, or the "Double Crown," is situated toward the north. Its works, formed of ditches full of water and flanking fortifications, make it very difficult of approach.

Thionville, on the left bank of the Moselle, and nearer the Rhine, is scarcely less important than Metz, in a military point of view. Its fortifications are of great extent and strength, though the town itself consists of only a few streets and courts. Perhaps no town in the world has changed masters more often than Thionville. It belonged to the Saxons in 1443, the Duke of Bourgogne in 1514, two years later to Ladislas V., King of Hungary and Bohemia, to the Dukes of Bourgogne from 1467 to 1477, to the imperial house of Hapsburg up to 1599, to the Kings of Spain up to 1643, and finally passed into the possession of France, of which it originally formed a part. In 1814 the town was besieged by the Prussians, who were forced to retire with heavy loss.

Forbach, in whose vicinity an unimportant engagement is reported to have taken place, is a delightfully situated town, in the department of Moselle, lying in a pleasant plain at the foot of a mountain called Schlossberg. Its streets are narrow and winding, and it derives its chief importance from its industries, and its position as one of the principal inlets from Germany into France.

Further up, on the left bank of the Rhine, lies the important city of Strasbourg, formerly a German town, where the French army under Marshal M'Mahon is concentrated. At this point a bridge of boats crossed the Rhine to Kehl, a small village of Baden, a few miles south of the important German fortress of Rastadt. Immediately on the declaration of war by France this bridge was destroyed from the German side.

Owing to the secrecy which attends the movements of troops in France it is difficult to ascertain the position of the forces marshaled for the invasion of Prussia. The army of the Moselle, it is reported, will be under the command of Marshal Bazaine, whose head-quarters will be at Metz. The army of the Rhine, under Marshal M'Mahon, is concentrated about Strasbourg, where an attempt may be made to cross the Rhine for an invasion of South German territory. At the time of writing no movement has been made on either side; but the period of preparation can not last much longer; and perhaps by the time these words come under the reader's eye the hostile armies will have met in the first great shock of the war.

On the right bank of the Rhine there are several very strong fortresses under the control of Prussia. First, there is the fortress of Rastadt, in Baden, considered one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Should the French succeed in forcing the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, Rastadt will be their first point of attack.

Further down the river lies the ancient city of Mainz, or Mayence, very strongly fortified. It is a very old and picturesque city; and, according to legendary records, was founded either by certain grandsons of Noah, shortly after the Flood, or by the fugitives from Troy, after the destruction of that city by the Greeks. As neither legend has special claim to credence, the reader may accept either or both.

The most important fortress, as well as the strongest, on the right bank of the Rhine, is that of Ehrenbreitstein, commonly called the Gibraltar of Germany. It is situated on and in an immense rock opposite the city of Coblentz. Vast sums of money, and the best efforts of military engineering skill, have been for many years expended in making this strong-hold as nearly impregnable as a fortification can be made. Here are kept immense quantities of military stores and munitions of war, and a vast army could find shelter under its protection. Its position on the river, and the nature of the surrounding country, almost insure its immunity from siege operations.

The fortifications at Cologne, or Köln, as the Germans write the name of that city, consist mainly of earth-works, which may be rendered very formidable, on short notice, should a hostile movement be made in that direction.

GOING TO MARKET.

M. L. Perrault, the painter of this picture, was a pupil of M. Bouguereau; and although still young, his work closely rivals that of his master. M. Perrault has not, however, attempted subjects so ambitious as some of those by which M. Bouguereau is known. His themes are generally drawn from humble, and frequently child life, as in the picture engraved, and a larger composition in the same exhibition, entitled "The Orphans." The manner in which these simple subjects are treated may, however, be instanced as typical of a section of French art. Take, for example, the present picture. A little *paysanne* is resting on her way to the market, held at a neighboring town, with probably all the produce which can be spared from home consumption—so small are many of the French farmsteads, owing to the law which ordains equal division of the land among the members of each family. A subject more humble than this could scarcely be selected or devised. Yet it is treated on the life-size scale, with an evident aim at largeness of style not unworthy of an important historical theme, and it is, at the same time, finished with a careful technical completeness which we are accustomed to see only in choice works of cabinet dimensions. There is, of course, a good and a bad side to this peculiar mode of dealing with incidents of common life. Good workmanship is always acceptable, and here the workmanship is certainly of excellent quality. Moreover, it may have the wholesome moral effect of enlarging our sympathies to see the lowliest pictorial material susceptible of being a vehicle for noble, refined, and finished art. On the other hand, one is apt to feel some incongruity between the subject-matter of the class of painters to whom we allude, and the polish (sometimes manifestly superficial and excessive) in which they too generally indulge. A sense of artificiality and of insincerity in the artist is very liable to arise; and the evil reaches its climax when, as is frequently the case, one is reminded more of Academic conventionalities than of true unsophisticated nature. To be just, however, decidedly the better side of the treatment is exemplified in the charming picture given on our first page.

CHINESE ART.

The works of art of the Chinese are well known for their great beauty of color and form in porcelain, and the extraordinary fineness as well as originality of design in carvings of wood and ivory; while the bronze objects which represent the antique art of China are often most remarkable for the skill and fancy with which the forms of natural objects, plants, and animals have been treated in composing the ornament. The grotesques, for which they have an especial liking, are also far beyond any that European artists have ever designed; many of these are carved in the jade, which is almost as hard as diamond, and can only be worked by great labor. The roots of trees are also very cleverly carved into grotesque figures and animals, displaying the most ingenious and imaginative fancy. In painting they are great imitators; and, having perfect colors, they succeed in painting birds, flowers, fruit, animals, and figures of men and women in the brightest and finest colors, but without any idea of very correct drawing or placing the object in perspective. In this respect they are behind the Japanese, who show a much more artistic feeling for natural beauty and picturesque arrangement. The lacquer-work is another form of their ornamental art which is now familiar to our shops. One of the most wonderful of all their feats in delicate work is the engraved mirror. The Italian artists of the sixteenth century engraved ornamental borders to their metallic mirrors, and on the back of the plate they often bestowed the greatest labor; but nothing approaches the Chinese work. These mirrors appear bright, and like any ordinary looking-glass; but in certain lights the design shines out brilliantly upon the polished surface, thus not interfering with the use of the mirror for seeing in it. But then the curious point is, that, on looking at the back of the plate, there we see the design again, so precisely that the eye is completely deceived by the appearance of transparency thus most cleverly given. The Chinese, however, have not yet approached to any real perception of the beauty and power of art as the European nations have for so many centuries had; in this they are among the youngest of nations, although, no doubt, they can claim an acquaintance with art that reaches as far back as the ancient Egyptians. They have long had their portrait-painters, and they make some attempt at painting subjects, such as assemblies of mandarins and people of importance—all very closely imitative in the work, but rather stiff, as we see in all early works of this nature. The intercourse with Europeans will, however, be sure to encourage the natural taste for ornamental objects and pictures, and we shall see this last development of a people's civilization arising as the railroad, the locomotive, and the electric telegraph make their appearance in the Celestial Empire. The great leader in this advance of outer barbarism into the preserves of Celestial civilization happens to be that eminent Celestial, Commissioner Lay, who is already contemplating a visit to this country, to prepare the way and make the acquaintance of our great engineers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I'm afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

The Mark Napoleon Aims at—Bismarck.

During the long French war two old ladies in Stramaer were going to the kirk; the one said to the other, "Was it not a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious ower the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady; "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic: "Hoot, jabbering bodies, wha could understand them?"

Last week a gentleman of this city was poring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like?—it is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts."—"Well, Mr. Johnson—one, you know, don't like to make a choice in these matters—little delicate—you understand—but really, if you insist upon it—I s'pose you will—why, I should like an engagement ring dearly," was the innocent reply.

A beggar went into the store of a popular wholesale and retail crockery dealer and asked for a quarter. The dealer looked at him a moment from his commanding eminence, and then remarked: "You beg rather strong, don't you? 'Pears to me you'd be more successful if you asked for a few cents only, as a rule." "Well, then, give me a few cents," was the quick reply. This was too much for our dealer, and he gave up—the cents.

A Western editor consoled a man who complained that justice had not been done him by the remark that it was "very lucky for him."

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

The answer lately given in a French court by a prisoner accused of almost cutting his wife to pieces was, with a smile, "Well, Monsieur le President, you know every one has his little failing."

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that is so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day." "How is that, Cuffy? There are only twenty-four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger!"

"May I ask the time of day, Sir?" said a stranger to Mr. Buffers. "By all means, Sir—by all means," replied the amiable Mr. Buffers. "Well, Sir, what time is it?" "Upon my word I don't know. I have not watched the time lately."

A fellow, having a spite at a sausage-maker, rushed into his shop, when crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said: "That makes nineteen! We'll settle when you're not so busy!" and made his exit. He was, of course, followed by the sausage amateurs, empty handed.

Lillie —— and her brother called at a house on their way to school, one cold morning, to warm themselves. Some doubts were expressed as to her brother being old enough to attend school. "Oh yes!" said Lillie; "he is six; and mother says if he hadn't been sick he would have been as much as seven or eight!"

A San Francisco school-teacher received the following note from the "ostensible" parent of one of his pupils: "I hope as to my John, you will flog him just as ofin as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Altho I've bin in habit of teachin him miself, it seems to me he never will never larn anithing—his spellin is ottragously defishent. Wallop him well, ser, and you will receiv my thanks.

"P.S. What accounts for John bein sich a scholar is that he is my sun by my wife's fust husband."

The following singular advertisement appears in a Canada paper:

"All dose people what I owes,
I'll not ax dem for dat;
But all dose people what owes me,
Must pay me immediat."

A census-taker recently asked a servant-girl in the vicinity of Boston how many regular, steady boarders there were in the house. She informed him that there were fifteen boarders in all, but "not more'n four of 'em is steady; the rest is dimmecrats!"

A wife asked her husband if druggists kept dye-stuffs for sale. He replied: "Most druggists keep little else but die stuffs."

There is a farmer in Yorkshire who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and four girls. Eight furlongs make one mile.

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say, if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

Judge K——, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand. "Can't do it, Sir," said the man. "Why not?" "Got a shot in that arm, Sir." "Then hold up your left." The man said that he had got a shot in that arm too. "Then," said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man ever can be sworn, Sir, in this court by law, unless he holds up something."

"I understand you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, go pring a mugful." Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said: "Dere now, if you dosh not dink dat ish goot cider, *joost schmell of te mug*."

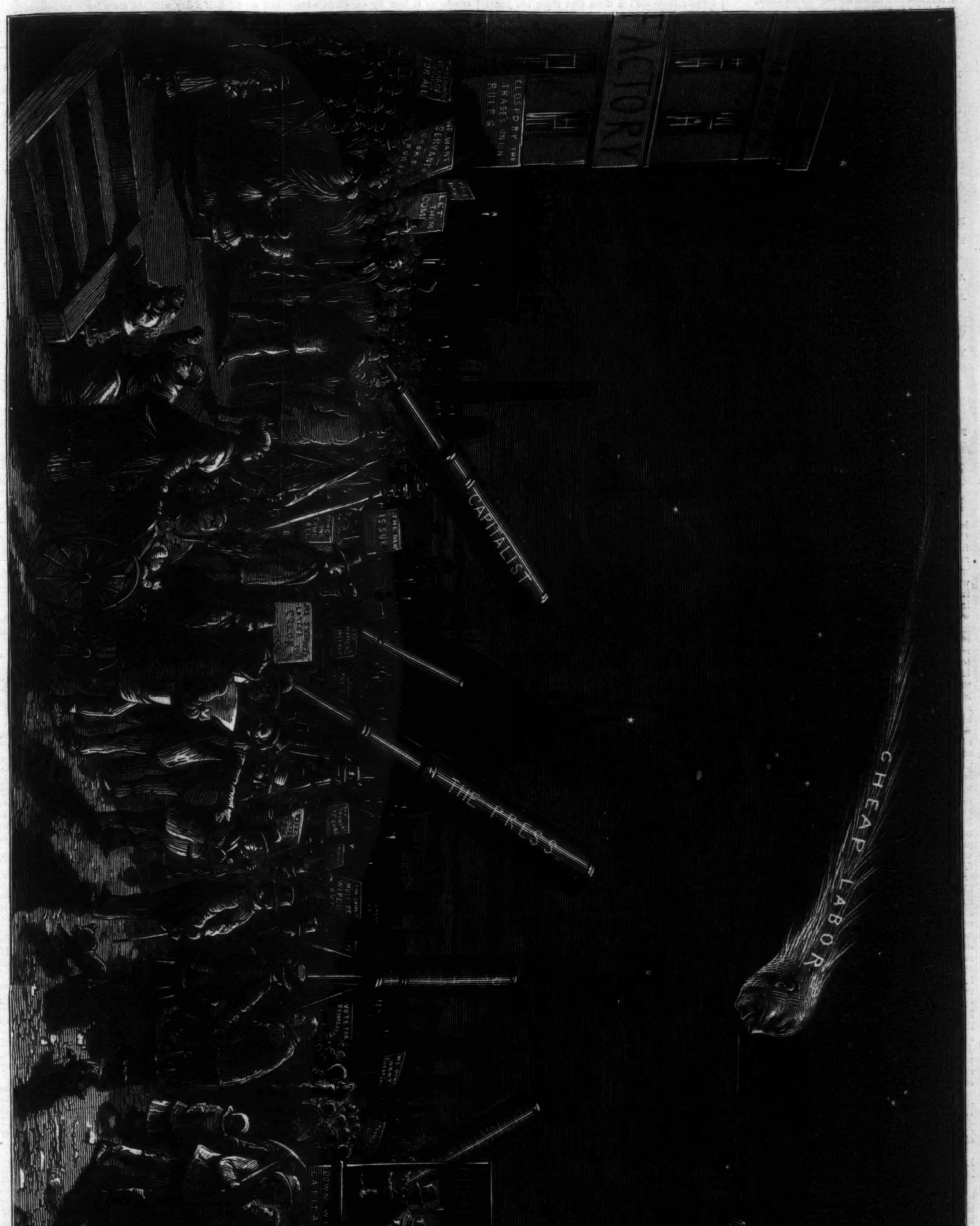
A pretty good story is told of an expressman from one of the neighboring towns who was very near-sighted. He one day received an order from a physician for a five-ounce Britannia syringe. The next morning the worthy doctor was considerably astonished by receiving five pounds of *Bologna sausages!*

GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE.

LE SABRE DE MON PÈRE.

Louis Nap draws the Sword. The Drawing is all correct enough, but how about the Effect?

ON THE BLUFF AT LONG BRANCH, AT THE BATHING HOUR.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]



THE NEW COMET—A PHENOMENON NOW VISIBLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

He crouches and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he can not look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there—
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their covers for fear;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear—
With the nullah, the sling, and spear.

Uloola, behold him! The thunder that breaks
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,
Have made him a hunter again—
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he fought
With those who will battle no more—
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills
Goes moaning and moaning along,
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
And he starts at a wonderful song—
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the rents of the scattering fogs,
The corrobboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him—
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons, and stands,
And gleams like a dream in his face—
Like a marvelous dream in his face?

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

It was an easy thing enough, as Walter Grange had said, to make acquaintance with Carew of Crompton, and possible even to become his bosom friend at a short notice, for his friendships, all made in wine, at play, or in the hunting-field, were soon cemented; but then, if the introduction was effected in an unpropitious time or manner, it was like enough to end in affront or downright insult. A gulf might be fixed just where you wanted a causeway, and of this—though he had feigned to inquire about it so innocently of the honest park-keeper—Richard Yorke was well aware. He had, as has been hinted, come down to Crompton with the express view of throwing himself in the way of its eccentric master, and to do so opportunely, and he was content to bide his time. Thus, though the autumn had far advanced, and the time had come for men of his craft to hasten from the dropping, dripping woods, no longer fair, to hive at home their sweet memorials of the summer time, Richard remained at Crompton, not willingly, indeed, nor even patiently, but with that sort of dogged resolve which is engendered, even in a restless spirit, by long watching. He had stopped so long that he would not now give up his watch; the fortress, indeed, showed no more sign of breach than when he first sat down before it; but still he would not raise the siege. This persistency excited no surprise in his house companion; Walter Grange was no gossip, nor curious about other men's affairs; it was easy, even for him, to see that his tenant had a proud stomach, and he had set down his talk about desiring an introduction to Carew as merely another phrase for wishing for a good chance of disposing of his wares to best advantage in that market to which so many of such various callings thronged. He did not think, as he had honestly confessed, that there was much chance of the Squire becoming a patron of the fine arts, but he wished the young fellow luck, and was glad, for more than one reason, that he staid on.

It was at least three months after his young lodger's arrival that Walter burst into his sitting-room one afternoon, without his usual knock at the door, with the great news that he had just had word, by a safe hand, that a gang of poachers would be in the Home Park that very night, and that all the staff of keepers would be out in waiting for them.

"You know," said he, quite indignant that the young man did not show his enthusiasm, "you told me I was to be sure and let you know, Mr. Yorke; but, of course, you needn't make one of us unless you like."

"Oh yes, I'll come," laughed the young fellow—"that is, provided it is fine. I can't fight in the rain, even for the game laws."

"It 'll be a lovely night, Sir, with just enough of moonlight to know friends from foes," went on the keeper, rubbing his hands, and unconsciously moistening them in his excitement. "I knew you'd come. I said to myself: 'Mr. Yorke 'll never turn tail;' and we shall be really glad of your help, for the fact is we are short-handed. Napes is down with the rheumatics, and two of our men are away from home, and there ain't time to send to the out-beaters. So we shall be only nine—including yourself—in all. Let's see," continued the old man, counting on his fingers: "there'll be Bill Nokes, and Robert Sloane, and—"

"Spare me the roll-call, Grange," interrupted the painter; "and tell me where I am to be, and when, and I'll be there."

"Very good, Sir," said the keeper, musing. "I'll put you at the Squire's oak—the one as you drawed so nicely—that 'll be at the Decoy down yonder, and close to home. You have only to use this whistle, and you'll get help enough if you chance to be set upon; there will be a fight, no doubt. They must be a daring lot to poach the near park, within sound of the house: they ain't a done that these ten year; for the last time they brought Squire and his bull-dogs out, which was a lesson to one or two of 'em. However, he's for town, they say, to-day."

"All right, Grange; we must do without him, then," returned the young man, cheerfully. "What time am I to be on guard?"

"You should be there at ten at latest, Sir. There'll be plenty of us within whistle-call, you understand. But nobody will come aneist you as has any business there; so whoever you see you must go in at."

Yorke nodded, smiling, and doubling his white fists, hit out scientifically with his right.

"You're one after the Squire's own heart," exclaimed the keeper, admiringly; "and I do wish you could foregather with him. What a reach of arm you've got, and what a play of muscle! The fist is the weapon for a poacher—that is, I mean *agin* him—if you only know how to use it. I can depend on the Decoy being guarded by ten, Sir, can I? for I must be off to the head-keeper's with the rest."

"Yes, you can."

"Then, good-by, Sir, for the present."

"Now what a poor fool is that!" soliloquized the young painter, contemptuously, as the door closed upon his late companion. "To think that I should risk my life against a poacher's on even terms! Of course, if they suffice, I shall only treat him to my knuckles; but if not—if he be a giant, or there be more than one of them—then here is a better ally than mere bone and sinew." Yorke took out of a drawer a life-preserver, made of lead and whalebone, struck with it once, to test its weight and elasticity, then slipped it into his shooting-jacket pocket. "That will enlarge their organs of locality," said he, grimly; "they will not forget the Decoy Pond in a hurry whose heads knock against this."

He made a better supper than was usual with him that night; filled his pocket-flask with brandy, and his pouch with tobacco; and then making sure that the whistle Grange had given him, and which he had hung round his neck, was within easy reach of his fingers, sallied out, well wrapped up as to his throat, and with his hands in his pockets. If Richard Yorke was doomed not to have life made easy for him, he made it as easy as he could. He never omitted a precaution, unless it gave him trouble to take it out of proportion to the advantage it conferred; he was never imprudent, unless the passion of the moment was too strong for him; but sometimes, unfortunately, his mere whims were in their intensity passions, and his passions, while they lasted, fits of madness. He was a landscape-painter, partly because he had some taste that way, but chiefly because he hated regular work of any sort. He had no real love for his art, and not the least touch of poetic feeling. He knew an oak from a beech-tree, and the sort of touch that should be used in delineating the foliage of each; a yellow primrose was to him a yellow primrose, and he could mix the colors deftly enough which made up its hue. His education had been by no means neglected, but it had been of a strange sort; every thing he had learned was, as it were, for immediate use, and of a superficial but attractive character. The advocates of a classical curriculum would have shaken their heads at what Richard Yorke did know, almost as severely as at his lack of knowledge. He had read a good deal of all kinds of literature, including much garbage; he could play a little on the piano, and speak French with an excellent accent. In a word, he had learned every thing that had pleased him, as well as a little Latin and some mathematics, which had not. He knew English history far better than most young Englishmen; but the sight of tomb or ruin had never made his heart pulse faster with an evoked idea by a single beat. Historical associations had no charm for him. This mighty oak, for example, under the shadow of which he now stands sentry, and which he had transferred so deftly to his port-folio, has no longer any interest for him. He has "done it," and its use and pleasure are therefore departed in his eyes. He knows quite well that though it is called the Squire's, in token, probably, of some wholesale slaughter of wild-ducks effected by Carew from its convenient cover, that this tree is hundreds of years old—the oldest in all the chase. He has read the "Talking Oak," for indeed he can quote Tennyson by the yard, and in dulcet voice; and it would have been natural enough, one would think, in such a time and place, that some thoughts of what this venerable monarch of the forest must have witnessed would perforce come into his mind. The same moonlight that now shines down between its knotted naked branches must have doubtless lit on many a pair of lovers, for it was ever a favorite place for tryst in by-gone years. The young monk, perhaps, may here (when Crompton was an abbey) have given double absolution, to himself and to the girl who confessed to him her love. Roundhead maiden and Cavalier gallant must many a time have forgotten their political differences beneath this oak, as yet a tree not sacred to royalty; nay, perhaps even those of York and Lancaster may here have been compounded for, in one red rose of a blush. Bluff Harry had haply hunted beneath its once wide-spreading arms, and certainly the martyr king had done so, with a score of generations of men of all sorts, dead and gone, God alone knows whither. Though no more the bugle sounded, nor the twanging bow was heard, there was surely an echo of their far-away music in the young painter's ear! No, there was none.

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter,

was a line Richard Yorke had read, perhaps, but certainly had not understood. He heard the bare branch creak and sway above his head as the wind slowly took it; he heard the night-jar croak, as it flew by on silent wing; and now and then he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of the voices of his fellow-watchers a great way off, which was his only touch of fancy. They were all silent, and in close hiding.

It is not to be supposed, however, that his mind was fixed upon the matter in which he was engaged, so that other subjects were thereby excluded from it. The repression of night-poaching was not a matter that interested him either in principle or practice. He would just as soon that the keeper had not reminded him of his offer to share his watch—the whim that had once seized him to do so had died away; but having once promised his company, he was not one to break his word. So here he was.

The young man's thoughts were busy, then, neither with the past nor the present, but with the future—that is, *his own* future. The path of life did not lie straight before Richard Yorke, as it does before most men of his age, and in fact it came, so to speak, abruptly to a termination exactly where he stood.

In such a case, the choice of the wayfarer becomes boundless, and is only limited by the horizon and circumstances. As matters were, he had scarcely enough to live on—not nearly enough to do so as his tastes and habits suggested; and yet, by one bold stroke, with luck to back it, he might, not "one day" (*that* would have had small charm for him), but at once, and for his life-long, be rich and prosperous. He could not be said to have expectations, but his position was not without certain contingencies, the extreme brilliancy of which might almost atone for their vagueness. It was from a dream of future greatness, or what seemed to him as such, wherein he saw himself wealthy and powerful, surrounded with luxury and with the ministers of every pleasure, that he was suddenly and sharply awakened by a trifling incident—the snapping of a dead twig in the copse hard by. In an instant the glittering gossamer of thought was swept aside, and the young fellow was all ear and eye. The wind had dropped for some time, and the silence was intense; that solemn hush seemed to pervade the forest which some poet has attributed to the cessation of spiritual life, as though the haunters of the glade were *waiting* for the resumption of their occupations until the interloping mortal should pass by. Nothing stirred, or, if so, it was motion without sound, as when the full-feathered owl slid softly through the midnight air above him. Not a dead leaf fell; and where the leaves had fallen there they lay. How was it, then, that a twig broke? The deer were couched; the pheasants sat at roost, their heads beneath that splendid coverlet, their wing; and though there were creeping things which even midnight did not woo to rest in that vast wilderness, Yorke had imbibed enough of forest lore to know that the noise which he had heard was produced by none of these. A rat in the water-rushes, or a stoat pushing through the undergrowth, would have announced itself in a different fashion. Again the sound was heard, and this time it was no longer the crackling of a twig, but the breaking of a branch; then cautious footsteps fell upon the frosty leaves, and, with a light leap on the bank that fringed the copse, the poacher stood in the open.

That such he was, Yorke had no doubt whatever; the moonlight streamed full upon him, and showed him to be none of the Crompton keepers, unless, indeed, he was disguised. For an instant, it passed across his mind that this might be Walter Grange himself—he was about the same height and build—come to play a trick upon him to test his courage, for the man's face was blackened like a burglar's; but this idea was dismissed as soon as entertained. The keeper, he reflected, thought far too seriously of the night's doings to make jest of them, and besides, he could never have sprung upon the bank as yonder fellow did, his limbs, though sturdy, being stiff with age and occasional rheumatism. The intruder seemed quite alone, and it was probable, while his confederates paid attention to the pheasants in the Home Park, that he was bent upon making a private raid upon the sleeping water-fowl. He had no gun, however, nor, as far as Yorke could make out, any other weapon; and as soon as he had got near enough to the pond to admit of it the watcher sprang out from beneath the shadow of the oak, and placed himself between the stranger and the copse from which he had emerged. Yorke was the taller by full six inches, and believing himself to be more than a match for his antagonist, had not so much as laid finger on his concealed weapon; but if he had now any thought of doing so, it was too late; for, with a cry of eager rage, the man turned at once, and sprang at him like a tiger. It needed all his skill and coolness to parry the fierce blows which fell upon him like hail, and which he had scarcely time to return. Yorke was an adept at boxing, and in the chance encounters into which a somewhat dissipated and reckless youth had led him, he had been an easy victor; but it now took all he knew to "keep himself." An instant's carelessness, or the absence of a hand in search of that which he would now have gladly seized, and his guard would have been broken through, and himself placed at his foe's mercy. Nothing but his long reach preserved him from those sledge-hammer blows, which seemed as though each must break the arm they fell upon. As for using his whistle, the opportunity, of course, was not afforded him; and, moreover, he had no breath to spare for such a purpose. Breath, however, was also a desideratum with the poacher, and the more so inasmuch as he accompanied every blow—as Brian de Bois-Guilbert was wont to hammer home his mace-strokes with "Ha! Beauseant, Beauseant!"—with some amazing oath. It is recorded of an American gentleman, much given to blasphemy, that he could entertain "an intelligent companion" for half a day with the mere force and ingenuity of his expletives; and this singular talent seemed to be shared by Richard Yorke's antagonist. That one of the most accomplished roughs of the Midlands had fallen to the young painter's lot in that night's *mêlée*, he could not for a moment doubt; but this reflection did not go far to soothe him. He did not care for fighting for its own sake, while his pride revolted against thus being kept at bay by a brutal clown. If he could but get the chance, he made up his mind to end this matter once for all, and at last the opportunity seemed to be afforded. The poacher suddenly stepped back to the very margin of the pond, a long oval piece of water, and not very deep, and quick as thought, Yorke drew his deadly weapon. But at the same moment there was a sound of racing feet, and down the drive there came two men at headlong speed. Yorke did not doubt that they were poachers; but his blood was up, and he was armed—he felt like an iron-clad against whom three wooden ships were about to pit themselves. "Where I hit now I make a hole," he muttered, savagely, and stood firm; nor did he even put his lips to the whistle that hung round his neck.

But as the men came nearer, in the foremost he recognized Walter Grange, and at the same moment saw his late antagonist plunge wildly into the ice-cold pond, and begin to wade and swim across it.

"Cuss him! I durst not do it," gasped Walter, just too late, and mindful, even in his passionate disappointment, of rheumatic pains. "Dash after him, Bob, while Mr. Yorke and I run round."

But Bob had had the rheumatism too, or had seen the unpleasant effects of it in others, and shook his shaggy head.

A mocking laugh burst from the poacher, already nearing the opposite bank.

"Dang him! If I'd got a gun, I'd shoot him. Run, man!" cried Walter, excitedly—"run, man, run! He can never get along in his wet clothes." And off the two men started in hot pursuit.

Yorke watched them toiling round the pond, while the poacher landed, shook himself like any water-dog, and leisurely trotted off.

"It was lucky for him," murmured he, as he replaced his weapon in his pocket, "that the help came on *my* side;" then lit his pipe, and leisurely walked home.

Three hours later returned the keeper (for whose arrival he had been sitting up), with twinkling eye and a look of triumph.

"Well, you caught the beggar, did you, Grange?"

"Oh yes, we caught him fast enough," responded the other, grinning; "we caught the whole lot of them. And who d'ye think they were? Why, it was the whole party from the house, as had come out to play at poachers! Who ever heard of such a game? Some on 'em got it hot, I reckon, in the new spinney yonder. But *that* was no matter. We've all had our skins full of rum punch, and a sov. apiece, because Squire says we proved ourselves good watch-dogs. And here," continued the old man, exultingly, "are a couple of sovs. for yourself. 'Give them to that tall young fellow,' says Squire, 'as you posted by the Decoy Pond, for he knows how to use his fists.' Why, that 'ere chap as you had the tussle with was Carew hisself!"

A deadly paleness overspread the young man's cheeks.

"Was that Carew?" he said.

"Yes, indeed, it was; though none of us know'd it. You needn't look so skeared. He ain't annoyed with you; he's pleased, bless 'ee, and here's the proof of it."

"You may keep the guineas, Grange," said Yorke, gravely; "only keep my secret too. If he thinks I was a night-watcher, let him continue in that belief."

"Why, it's the best introduction to Carew as you could have!" insisted the astonished keeper. "You have only to go up to the great house to-morrow, and say: 'Here's the man as proved your match last night,' and—"

"You must allow me to be the best judge of my own affairs," interrupted the young fellow, haughtily; "so you will be so good as to say nothing more about the matter."

"Just as you please, Sir; and I am sure you are very kind," answered the keeper, slipping the coins into his pocket. "Squire hisself could not be more liberal, that's certain. You are tired, I see; and I wish you good-night, Sir, or rather good-morning."

"Good-night, Grange."

"Now, that's what I call pride," said Walter, grimly, as he closed the door upon his lodger; "and I am sure I hope, for his sake, it may never have a fall."

When Richard Yorke was thus left to himself he did a curious thing; he took out the life-preserver from its receptacle, and having made up the fire, placed it in the centre of the burning mass, so that in the morning there was nothing left of it save a dull lump of lead.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.

A day or two passed by, and nothing more was heard of Carew's combat with the young watcher; some other mad frolic had doubtless entered into the Squire's head and driven that one out. The hot punch imbibed after his swim in the Decoy Pond seemed to have averted all evil consequences, or perhaps he was case-hardened to such things. It was not uncommon with him to spend whole winter nights on a neighboring "broad," in pursuit of the mere-fowl that haunted it, in water or ice or swamp. He treat-

ed his body as an enemy, and strove to subdue it—though not for the good reasons of the Apostle—by every sort of harshness and imprudence; or rather he behaved toward it as a wayward father toward his child—at one time with cruel severity, at another with the utmost luxury and indulgence. No rich man, probably, ever gave his heir so many chances of inheritance, or excited in him so many false hopes, as did the Squire of Crompton, who had no heir.

The hunting season had begun with him after its usual fashion; he seldom troubled himself to find a fox, but turned one out of a bag to insure sport, or ran a drag over the most difficult and dangerous country that could be selected.

Yorke had almost made up his mind to take the keeper's advice, and distinguish himself by putting his neck to the same risks as Carew, on horseback, in order to recommend himself to his notice, when an event occurred by which he attained his end in another way.

Tired of the park, wherein he had dwelled so long, and which every day the approach of winter made more bare and desolate, he had taken a solitary walk along the highway which led to the market-town. He was returning, and had reached the top of the long hill where the park fence began, and a high solid gate—so that no dogs could enter—gave access to that wild domain, when a confused murmur in the keen blue air caused him to look back. For a mile or more the road was straight, and the leafless trees and hedges left the prospect open to him in all directions; at the extremity of the road was some huge moving object, which, advancing at great speed, disclosed the Squire's mail phaeton, drawn by four antlered stags, and followed at some distance by three or four mounted grooms, apparently unable to keep up with him. Carew himself was standing up like some charioteer of old, and, although he already outstripped the very wind, was laying about him frantically with his whip, as up the hill the frightened creatures tore as if the ground were level. The reason of this headlong speed was at the same time made evident by the appearance of a pack of hounds, which, followed by a numerous field in scarlet, was coming across the grass-land in full cry. The spectacle, though weird and strange, was by no means without a certain grandeur—like some barbarous pageant. Yorke understood the situation at a glance. He had heard the keeper say that, not content with his wild progresses through the park, the Squire had sworn to drive his stags one day into the market-town, and this he had doubtless actually accomplished; but, on his return, he had had the misfortune to be caught sight of by one of his own packs of hounds, which were now in full pursuit of him, like another Actæon. The terrified stags, with that deep-mouthed menace of their natural enemies ringing in their ears, at once threw off all control, and had left their grooms behind them in half a dozen bounds. If only the harness held, they would be at the lodge gate in a very few minutes; but, on the other hand, the hounds were nearer to that point, which they were approaching diagonally. They were running, of course, by sight, like greyhounds, and with greyhounds' speed. Above their eager mellow notes, and the mad shouting of the excited sportsmen, and the ceaseless winding of the disregarded horn, above the thunder of his own wheels, and of the hoofs of his strange steeds upon the wintry road, rang out Carew's hoarse tones: "The gate, the gate!" If only that wooden wall could be interposed between his stags and their pursuers, all might yet be well. But, though the lodge-keeper had been drawn by the tumult to his door, he stood there like one amazed and fascinated by the spectacle before him, and paralyzed with the catastrophe that seemed impending.

"Gate, gate, you gaping idiot!" roared the Squire, with a frightful curse; but the poor shaking wretch had not the power to stir; it was Yorke himself who dashed at the latch, and threw the long gate wide to let the madman pass, and then slammed it back upon the very jaws of the hounds. They rushed against the solid wood like a living battering-ram, and howled with baffled rage; and some leaped up and got their fore-paws over it, and would have got in yet, but that Richard beat them back with his bare hands.

In the mean time Carew and his stags swept up the park like a whirlwind, and presently, coming to a coppice, the frightened creatures dashed into it, doubtless for covert, where wheel and rein and antler, tangling with trunk and branch, soon brought them to a full stop.

"Good lad!" exclaimed Carew, as Yorke hurried up to help him; "you are a good plucked one, you are; you shall keep the lodge, if you will, instead of that lily-livered scoundrel who was too frightened to move. Oh, I ask pardon; you are a gentleman, are you?"

"Sir, I hope so," answered the young man, stiffly, his anger only half subdued by the necessity for conciliation.

"Then, come up to the house and dine, whoever you are; I'll lend you a red coat. Curse those grooms! what keeps them? One can't sit upon a stag's head to quiet him as though he were a horse." (Two of the stags were down, and butting at one another with their horns.) "What a pace we came up White Hill! I tried to time them, but I could not get my watch out. You moved yourself like a flash of lightning, else I thought we must have pinned you against the gate. It was well done, my lad, well done; and I'm your debtor."

The Squire held out his hand, for the first time, for Yorke to shake.

"Why, what's this?" said he, peering into the other's eyes. "I have seen your face before, my friend."

"Yes, Sir; a week or two ago I played the part of night-watcher in your preserves—it was a mad prank; but"—and here the young fellow smiled roguishly—"it was better than poaching, you must admit."

"What!" cried the Squire, delighted, "are you the fellow that had that bout with me in the Decoy Pond? Why, I thought you were one of my own men, and sent you something; but, of course, my scoundrels drank it. I'm glad to see you, Sir, by daylight. It was the uncertain moonshine that hampered me, else, by Jove, I'd have given you 'one, two!' We must have it out another day, for a drawn battle is just the thing I hate. What's your name, young gentleman, and where do you live?"

"I live close by, Sir; I am in lodgings for the present."

"Ay, ay, for the hunting, I suppose," said the impetuous Squire. "Hark to those devils of dogs; they are howling yet; they would have had my stags by this time but for you. Well, well; send for your portmanteau, and take up your quarters at Crompton; you shall have a hearty welcome; only don't be late for dinner—seven, Sir, sharp. Here are my knavish grooms at last."

And, under cover of the fire of imprecations which the Squire poured upon his approaching retainers, the young landscape-painter withdrew. He had obtained his end at last, and he wished to retire before Carew should put that question to him for a second time—what is your name?—which, at such a moment, it would, for certain reasons, have been embarrassing to answer.

He betook himself at once to the keeper's lodge, and packing up his wardrobe, which, though of modest dimensions, comprised all that was requisite for a gentleman's costume, dispatched it to the great house. He followed it himself shortly afterward, only waiting to dash off a note by the afternoon's post for town. It was literally a "hurried line," and would have better suited these later telegraphic days, when thoughts, though wire-drawn, are compressed, and brevity is the soul of cheapness, as of wit. "*I have got my foot in, and however it may be pinched, will keep the door open. Direct to me at Crompton.*"

It was not a nice trait in the young man, if it was a characteristic one, that he did not take the trouble even to leave so much word as that for the old keeper, who was engaged in his outdoor duties, but simply inclosed the few shillings in which he was indebted to him inside an envelope, addressed to Walter Grange. The old man liked him, as he well knew, and would have prized a few words of farewell; but Yorke was in a hurry to change his quarters for the better; he had climbed from low to high, and gave no further thought to the ladder which had so far served him. But yet he had some prudence too. Though he had dwelled so long in the Carew domains, so careful had he been not to intrude his presence inopportunely on its master, that he had never so much as seen, except at a distance, the mansion to which he was now an invited guest. How grand it showed, as his elastic step drew near it, with tower and turret standing up against the gloomy November sky, and all its broad-winged front alive with light! How good it would be to call so fine a place his home! How excellent to be made heir to the childless man who ruled it, and who could leave it to whomsoever his whim might choose!

It was unusual for a guest to approach Crompton for the first time on foot. The Squire's jovial friends used for the most part strange conveyances, such as tandems and randems, and the great flower-beds in the lawn in front gave sign that some such equipage had been lately driven up not altogether with dexterity. It is difficult at all times to drive "unicorn," and more so if the horses are not used to that method of progression, and still more so if the charioteer is somewhat inebriated; and all these conditions had been fulfilled a few minutes previously in the case of Mr. Frederick Chandos, a young gentleman of twenty-one years of age, but of varied experience, who had just arrived that day on his first visit. But when Yorke appeared at the front door, there was no less attention paid to him than if he had driven up with four-in-hand. Obsequious footmen assisted him to take off his wrappers in the great hall, whose vastness dwarfed the billiard-table in its centre to bagatelle proportions. A profusion of wax-lights—and no others were permitted at Crompton, save in the servants' offices—showed eight shining pillars of rare marble, and a grand staircase broad enough for a coach-and-four, and up which, indeed, Carew *had* ridden horses for a wager; while all the walls were hung with huge-figured tapestry—"The Tent of Darius" and "The Entry of Alexander into Babylon," both miracles of patient art. The grandeur of the stately place was marred, however, by signs of revel and rough usage. The Persian monarch, spared by his Grecian conqueror, had been deprived, by some more modern barbarian, of his eyes; while the face of his royal consort had been cut out of the threaded picture, to judge by the ragged end of the canvas, by a penknife. The very pillars were notched in places, as though some mad revelers had striven to climb to the pictured ceiling, from which gods and men looked down upon them with amaze; the thick-piled carpet of the stairs was cut and torn, doubtless by horses' hoofs; and here and there a gap in the gilt balusters showed where they had been torn away in brutal frolic. A groom of the chambers preceded the new guest up stairs, and introduced him to a bachelor's apartment, small, but well furnished in the modern style, whither his portmanteau had been already taken. "Squire has given orders, Sir," said he, respectfully, "that he should be informed as soon as you arrived. What name shall I say, Sir? But here he is himself."

As the groom withdrew, Carew made his appearance at the open door. He was smoking a cigar, although it was within an hour of dinner-time; and at his heels slouched a huge bull-dog, who immediately began to growl and sniff at the new guest. "Quiet, you brute!" exclaimed the Squire, with his customary garnish of strong expletive. "Welcome to Crompton, Mr.— I forget your name; or rather you forgot, I think, to favor me with it."

"My name is Richard Yorke, Sir."

"Yorke, Yorke—that sounds easterly. You are of the Cambridgeshire stock, I reckon, are you not?"

"No, Sir," returned the other, with a slight tremor in his voice, which he could not control; "I come from nearer home. Your wife's first husband was called Yorke, if you remember, and I bear his name, although I am her lawful son, by you, Sir."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is very hot weather to think any thing special about the sun—that great source of all this discomfort. *Ice* would be a far pleasanter topic, were it not that the ice dealers have raised their prices so fearfully that one can scarcely afford to buy a piece big enough to think about. So we get vexed while our ice melts away, which makes our blood hotter than it would become by a *cool* consideration of the sun. In truth many scientific men are now studying our great solar luminary with intense interest; and since the total eclipse of August, 1869, our knowledge respecting its constitution has been steadily progressing. One wonderful discovery has been made after another, and the end is not yet. The spectroscope, new forms of which have been recently invented, give to scientific men remarkable facilities for observation. Astronomers nowadays watch with breathless interest the swift progress of solar tornadoes, and record the results for the benefit of the race. Truly we live in a wonderful age!

It is almost time for the yearly plague of mosquitoes. This is said to be a good dose to give them: Take a piece of gum-camphor about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.

In 1854 Mr. Charles Dickens was offered one hundred pounds to give two readings on behalf of a large working-men's educational institute in Bradford, Yorkshire. The following note was received from Mr. Dickens's secretary a few weeks afterward in reply:

"Mr. Charles Dickens begs to say that he has not yet been able to reconcile it to his feelings to do what you require for money; but that, if you like to wait until next Christmas time, he will be very glad to do it for nothing."

Accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the committee who had the matter in hand, Mr. Dickens read his "Christmas Carol," on the 28th of December, 1854, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, to a crowded audience. He utterly refused to take any thing even for his own traveling expenses, and the institute realized a handsome sum.

An exchange recommends sprigs of arbor vitæ, of box, wormwood, southernwood, and sage to be laid in closets and on shelves which are infested by those pests—black ants.

A lady who has long been a resident of San Francisco gives a curious instance of the imitative powers of the Chinese. Desiring to have her parlor papered, and not being able to procure the services of a paper-hanger, she introduced her Chinaman into the room adjoining, and, pointing to the wall, inquired if he could paper the parlor like it. He signified that he could. Procuring handsome paper, and making the paste, she saw him, with a countryman to assist, begin the job, then went out to spend the day. Returning in the evening he informed her it was finished, and led the way for her inspection. The walls were papered, but it so happened that the room she showed him was an extension, one story high and the roof leaked. The rain, penetrating, had run down the walls in streaks, taking all the hue from the paper with it, leaving unsightly stains of discoloration and mould. This had been closely and wonderfully imitated on her hangings of green and gold, and the artist was evidently proud of his success.

At Saratoga it is the rule to drink a quantity of the waters before breakfast in the morning. Some people, however, seem to have no idea of the propriety of limiting themselves at all, but exhibit a camel-like capability of drinking as much in one day as should be a whole week's supply. Six glasses half a dozen times a day is rather too much even of a good thing.

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, in an interesting communication on the treatment of burns, after giving a list of remedies which are useful for immediate application to a burn, says:

"We unhesitatingly give the preference to carbolic acid and glycerine, in the proportion of from five to ten drops of the former thoroughly incorporated with two ounces of the latter. Spread it on with a camel's hair or other light brush, then a layer of raw cotton, over which a roller bandage is neatly adjusted to the parts, and the dressing is finished."

Among the Chinese woman is treated as a menial of the lowest order. She learns nothing except what will make her useful to her masters. Her duty is to serve her husband and sons. She is simply an article of merchandise, and when treated with consideration it is usually on the principle of economy, as if a man's wife dies he will be under the necessity of buying another. If the Chinese live in this country, they will find that a different order of things prevails.

A wealthy snob ordered two magnificent book-cases to be filled with elegantly bound volumes. He added that he was not particular as to what books were selected, but would like Mr. Waverley's novels, as he had heard them highly spoken of.

At the risk of inserting in this column a quotation which may seem too lengthy, we can not refrain from giving our readers the opportunity to read the following letter, which was written, in English, by a little boy only nine years old, to his father, Colonel Lewis Downing, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, while the latter was in Washington on business. What white boy of nine years could express himself with more simplicity and wisdom?

"Tahlequah, *June*, 1870.

"My dear Father,—I have a few minutes before the school-bell rings to write to you. I go to school in the morning; in the afternoon I say my lessons at home, and then take a ride on my pony. I know you would like to be with me now. I am sitting in my arbor, which is covered with vines. I have my little writing-desk in it, two chairs, and a long bench, with my buffalo-robe and cushion, where I take a nap when I feel like it. In one corner of my arbor is a little bird's nest with four young ones chirping in it; the other corner has my squirrel cage, where funny little Nelly Grant peeps out at me from its windows. The poor General was the best squirrel I ever had, but the dogs killed him. In the other corner is my bee-hive, with a glass door, where I can watch the busy little bees make their honey. At the door of the other arbor sits my dog. His name is Watch. Here I learn my lessons, speak my pieces, and write my letters and compositions; it is my green study. I want you now to shut your eyes and see if you can see me sitting at my desk writing to you.

"Last week *Harper* had a picture in it of the Indian chiefs Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Swift Bear, and the *Advocate*" (the name of the paper published in the Cherokee Nation) "says that a great warrior is invited to visit Washington. If the people of the United States wish these Indians to become civilized, they ought to send them to see us. They may think they can not become like white people; but if they come to us, their Cherokee brothers, and remember that our fathers were as wild as they are, we can show them our capital, our schools, our fields of corn and grain, our comfortable houses, and when they listen to our hymns, and we tell them about our good laws, they will think they can do as much as Cherokee Indians, and they will go home and try to do like us. Please tell the President to send them home through our country if he wishes them to become civilized. I will show them all my pictures, and play for them on my organ, and do all I can to entertain them. I wish so much that they would stop fighting and scalping, and learn to love God and do what is right. Your affectionate son,

"L. J. Downing."

There is a boy somewhere in Ohio who made a good item for a Cleveland paper by looking into a toy cannon just as another boy touched it off! That was thought to be the only item in the boy; but the doctors got him around in a week or two, and then the lad, in trying to blow a target gun, sucked the cork down his throat, and the surgeons worked twenty-four hours to get it out. The Cleveland paper wants to keep that boy on hand, and remarks: "That boy is splendid for items; but neighboring towns need not try to hire or steal him, for I have him copyrighted."

One of the most remarkable medical cases of the age was that of Nathaniel Wilson, who lately died in Boston. He was born in Oldtown, Maine, and, as a child, was rugged and healthy. When sixteen years old signs of "wasting away" appeared, which progressed to such an extraordinary extent that he was known as the living skeleton, and exhibited as a wonder of the age. Medical skill was baffled, his appetite was good, and he would eat any kind of food; he possessed much latent strength, and his mind was healthy and active. Within a couple of years, however, his health had failed, and he suffered from weakness, pain, and a consumptive cough until his death. A post-mortem examination showed his right lung to be filled with abscesses, and the liver to be much diseased. His arms measured but two and a half inches around at the time of his death.

A large amount of valuable property, estimated to be worth $82,000,000, and situated on Canal Street, in this city, is said to have come into the possession of two descendants of Robert Edwards, living in Gadsden, Georgia. Their property consists of estate granted by King George of England to Robert Edwards, about the same time the grant was made to Trinity Church, which to-day, by reason of that grant, is the wealthiest ecclesiastical corporation in the world. This property was leased for ninety-nine years. This lease has expired, and the persons now in possession of the property will be compelled to hand it over when the heirs prove their identity.

The ships belonging to the German North Polar Expedition were last seen in July; and probably nothing more will be heard from them until their return.

The taking of the census still continues to develop curiosities. A daughter of the Emerald Isle informed a census-taker that she had never yet told her age to mortal man, and that the marshal might put her in prison, yet she would refuse to answer on principle. The census-taker was obliged to exercise his judgment. Entering a dismal basement in close proximity to the residence of one of our wealthiest citizens, the census-taker met with a withered and wrinkled old crone, on whom seventy-five winters had left their impress. "Do you live here?" inquired he. "Acushla, meself and God Almighty, for he is every where." After taking her name and age she was asked her occupation: "Is't what I do, Sir? Sure it's not for the likes of me to be doing any thing, Sir; I am living only by the blessed help of the Sisters of Charity, since I lost my two fine boys in the army—God rest their souls!" An old lady of sixty was found in one of the poorest of hovels, but she herself was possessed of much taste and culture. She was the author of many religious poems of considerable merit, but only a few had been published.

For the benefit of those who meditate spending some of the hot months in Alaska, we would mention that Mr. Cuyckanickpucks Yakutskolitmilks Sakiatskylitmilks Ankachagamuks Kekutonekutzokorts keeps an hotel at Sitka.

Mr. Som Hing and Miss Gat Quill were the Chinese couple married at San Francisco last week.—Leopold-Etienne-Charles-Antoine-Gustave-Edouard-Thassilo is the name of the gentleman who isn't king of Spain.

A phrenologist—so the story goes—once asked leave to examine Mr. Dickens's head. The novelist sent the following note in reply:

"Dear Sir,—At this time I require the use of my skull; but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

An intelligent colored man in Springfield has been to Richmond twice lately to bring colored workmen and women to Springfield. They have all found places to work in good families, shops, and hotels in that city. With the Chinese and negroes together there is likely to be no lack of domestic help, and ladies may congratulate themselves on having better times in the kitchen.

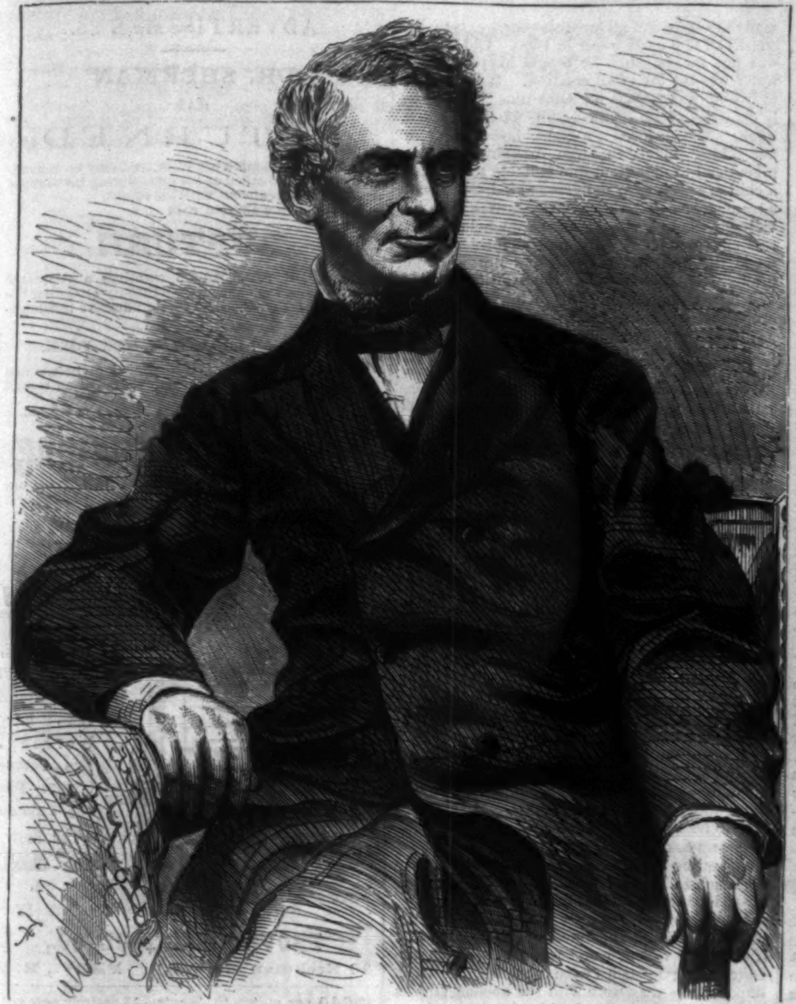
A countryman walked into a wholesale drug store in Portland not long ago and noticed a barrel containing seed, as he supposed. Putting a handful in his mouth he turned to one of the clerks and said: "Wa'al, now, what kind of seed do you call them?" "Seed!" said the clerk; "those are not seed—they are cochineal." "Cochineal!" says the countryman; "what's cochineal?" "Why, they are a little bug," replied the clerk. "Bug!" roared the countryman, and he hastily left the premises, the crimson dye running from the corners of his mouth.

ARCHERY IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

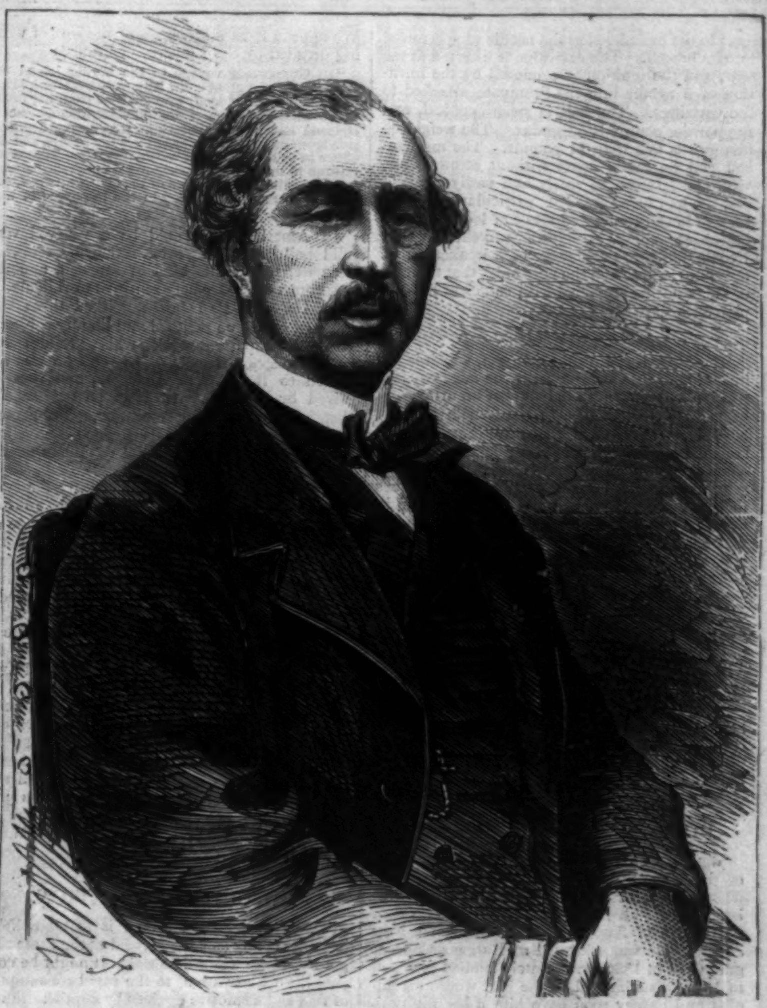
DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who was in most respects one of the most practical and prosaic of men, cherished a pet theory of his own on the subject of bows and arrows, maintaining that archery, as a branch of warlike science, had fallen into undue neglect, and that a corps of sharp-shooters, armed after the fashion of Cressy and Agincourt, would be no mean adversaries to encounter in the modern battle-field. There was more force in the doctor's arguments a hundred years ago than there is at present. The old Brown Bess musket could scarcely be termed a weapon of precision, and the bow, in the hands of a skilled archer, could doubtless be trusted to send a more certain message; but nowadays, what with Enfields, Needle-guns, Henrys, and Chassepots, this time-honored implement of warfare is never likely to regain its ancient importance. Lovers of the picturesque may be pardoned for regretting the disuse of the bow as a weapon of war. Although even in the old days before the invention of gunpowder every battle of the warrior was with confused noise, as the Hebrew prophet tells us, yet the comparative silence and clearness of atmosphere upon an ancient field of strife would startle a modern soldier who had experienced the sulphureous clouds and the ear-cracking thunders of the Wilderness, of Solferino, or of Sadowa.

The engraving represents the recent "Ladies' Match," in the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, Regent's Park. The society consists of gentlemen, but ladies are allowed to practice every day except Friday, and once a year they have this match among themselves. Only ladies are suffered to participate in the shooting, and no gentlemen are permitted on that occasion to trespass on the ground where the contest takes place, except certain favored beings who are styled Captains of the Targets, and whose business it is to keep scores, to pick up arrows, and to make themselves generally both useful and agreeable to the fair archers here assembled. As in all there are twenty targets, there are ten sets of markswomen and ten target captains. In the engraving the lady who holds her bow extended has just shot off her arrow, and is watching its flight; the lady in the fore-ground talking to the captain (who is in uniform, green coat, brass buttons, and green cap) is stringing her bow. The target from which they are shooting is not visible, as they stand five yards in advance of it. The shooting is at the ordinary distance, sixty yards.

ARCHERY.



THE HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[See Page 510.]



THE LATE M. PREVOST-PARADOL.—[See Page 510.]

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS.

The Prussian Needle-gun, tested at Sadowa on a grand scale, and the French Chassepot rifle, which did wonders at Mentana on a small one, are about to have their respective qualities put to a severer trial. The Needle-gun did more than conquer the Austrians at Sadowa. It kept France from intervening against Prussia when that power aggrandized itself by appropriating the territory of its helpless neighbors. It kept France from precipitating hostilities when Bismarck refused compliance with the Emperor's demands in regard to Luxembourg. And but for the invention of the Chassepot rifle, which is claimed to be superior to the Needle-gun, it would have kept France back from the present war. A brief description of these celebrated weapons, of which we give engravings on this page, is especially appropriate at this time, when their qualities as implements of destruction are to be tested on so grand a scale.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

The Prussian Needle-gun is the invention of Herr Dreyse, a gun-manufacturer, who spent thirty years in trying to construct a perfect breech-loading rifle that would be of practical use in war. The barrel is 36.06 inches long, and is rifled with four grooves down to the breech, where the chamber, or bed for the cartridge, is smooth and a little larger than the bore. The bed enlarges slightly to the rear, so as to admit the cartridge freely; and the lower part of the bore, for a distance of 6.17 inches, is enlarged so that the ball is gradually compressed into the grooves. The rear of the barrel is conical, and is called the mouth-piece. Over this part there is a six-sided cylinder, which holds all the mechanism of the piece. The air-chamber,

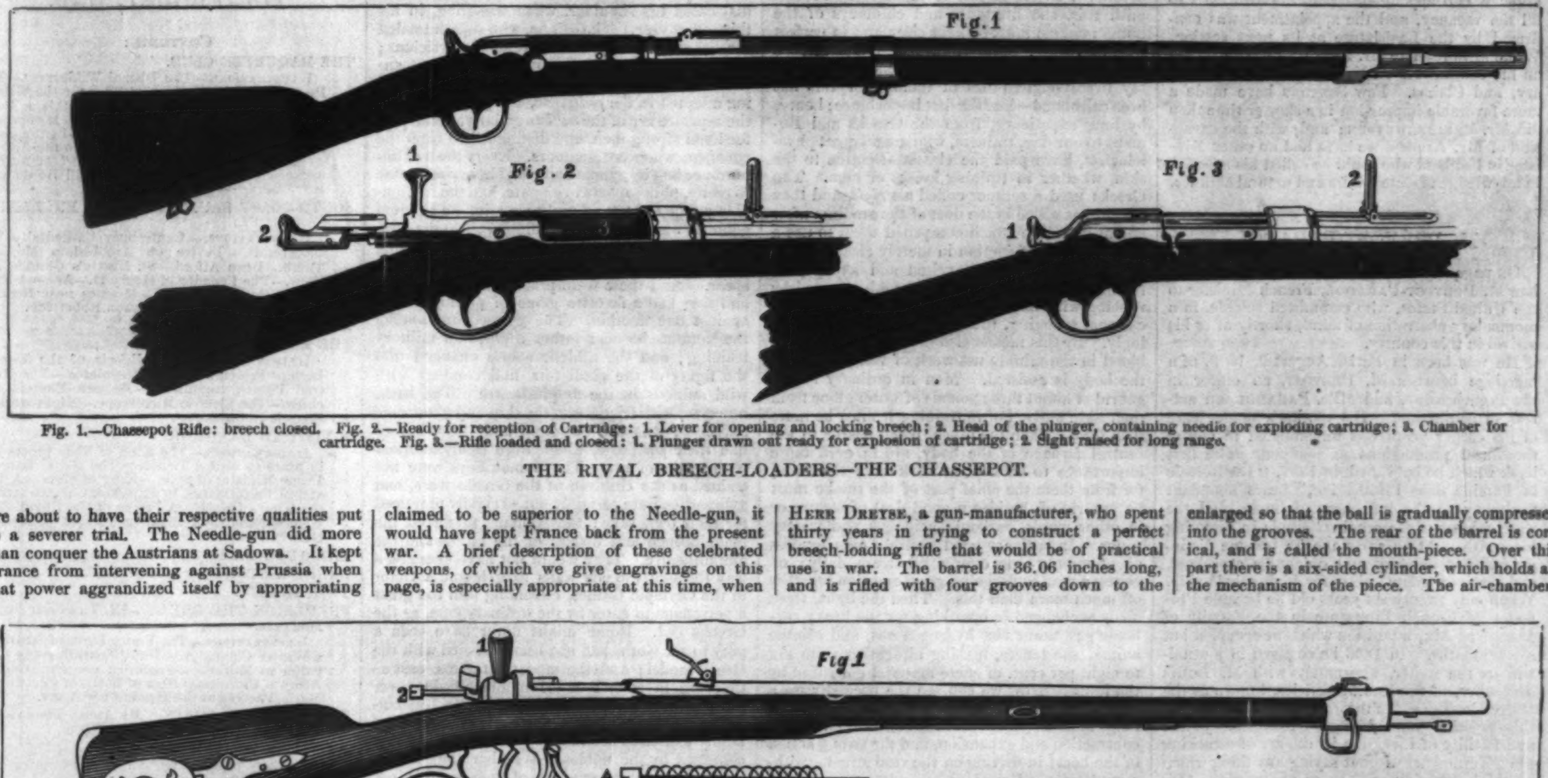


Fig. 1.—Chassepot Rifle: breech closed. Fig. 2.—Ready for reception of Cartridge: 1. Lever for opening and locking breech; 2. Head of the plunger, containing needle for exploding cartridge; 3. Chamber for cartridge. Fig. 3.—Rifle loaded and closed: 1. Plunger drawn out ready for explosion of cartridge; 2. Sight raised for long range.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE CHASSEPOT.

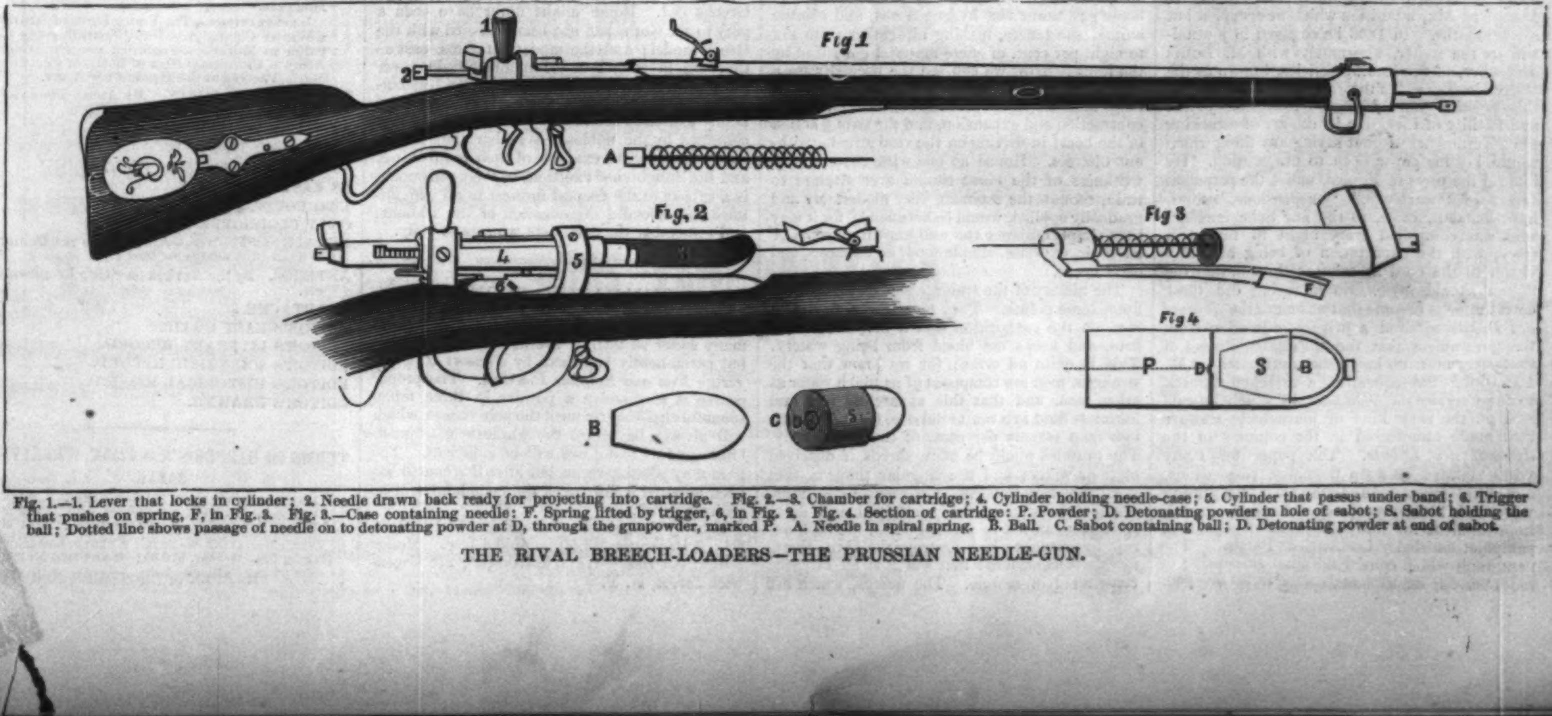


Fig. 1.—1. Lever that locks in cylinder; 2. Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge. Fig. 2.—3. Chamber for cartridge; 4. Cylinder holding needle-case; 5. Cylinder that passes under band; 6. Trigger that pushes on spring, F, in Fig. 3. Fig. 3.—Case containing needle: F. Spring lifted by trigger, 6, in Fig. 2. Fig. 4. Section of cartridge: P. Powder; D. Detonating powder in hole of sabot; S. Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P. A. Needle in spiral spring. B. Ball. C. Sabot containing ball; D. Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.

next to the cylinder, has the needle pipe screwed into its breech. The cartridge is inserted at the rear, and the ignition is produced by the intrusion of a needle into the fulminate attached to the cartridge. The ball is sphero-conical, and the powder charge is 56 grains. The weight of this gun is less than 11 pounds. The mechanism can be taken apart without screw-driver, vice, etc. It can be safely and easily cleaned, and the gun being small, is particularly adapted for use in the contracted space of loop-holes, on horseback, etc. The objections to the Prussian Needle-gun are, the danger of a weakening of the spiral spring, and the possibility that the needle may not be propelled with sufficient force to pierce the cartridge.

THE CHASSEPOT.

The French claim that this gun, which is the invention of M. Chassepot, is the most efficient weapon ever put into the hands of an army. It bears some resemblance to the Needle-gun, but has this advantage over that arm, that its mechanism is much more simple and less liable to become clogged or to get out of order. The Needle-gun, after it has been discharged several times in quick succession, becomes hot and damp in the chamber, owing to the inability of the gas which comes back after the explosion of the cartridge to escape. The inside soon becomes dirty, and the soldier is required to take his piece apart and clean it. The French gun is subject to none of these disadvantages. It allows the free escape of gas after each discharge, and can be cleansed from dirt or rust with very little loss of time. The Chassepot projectile is a rather long slug, with the end rounded and pointed like our rifle ball. The charge, which is attached to it in a paper covering, is composed of a peculiar powder, specially manufactured for the purpose. The distance at which this gun carries with certainty is very considerable—over 1000 metres.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

We give on the preceding page the portrait of the Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, who succeeds Mr. Motley as United States Minister to England. Mr. Frelinghuysen was born on the 4th of August, 1817, at Millstone, New Jersey. He was educated at Rutger's College, graduated in 1836, immediately studied law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar, where his talents and energy soon gave him a leading position. His political career began in 1860, when he was elected as a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. The following year he was appointed Attorney-General of New Jersey. He filled this position for five years with distinguished ability, and at the expiration of his term of office was reappointed. On the death of United States Senator Wright, Governor Ward appointed Mr. Frelinghuysen to fill the vacancy, and the appointment was confirmed by the Legislature at its next session. While in the Senate Mr. Frelinghuysen served on the committees on Naval Affairs, the Judiciary, and Claims. Few Senators have made a more favorable impression in a shorter time than did Mr. Frelinghuysen; and, with the exception of Mr. Adams, we have had no other Minister in England who could be called his superior in knowledge of state affairs and natural abilities.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

On page 509 will be found the portrait of the late M. Prévost-Paradol, French Minister to the United States, who committed suicide, in a momentary aberration of mind, shortly after his arrival in this country.

He was born in Paris, August 8, 1829, of a marriage between M. Prévost, an officer in the French army, and Mlle. Paradol, an actress of distinction. His mother's tender care of his earlier years was remembered in one of the finest productions of his pen. The first book which he published, in 1857, "Du Rôle de la Famille dans l'Education," bears abundant testimony to the influences of home, and the watchfulness of maternal solicitude in directing his youth. At an early age he became distinguished for industry and quickness at school, and received many prizes for high scholarship. When only twenty-six years old he became Professor of French Literature in the Faculty of Letters at Aix, a position which he occupied but a few months. In 1856 he engaged in journalism as the writer, alternately with M. Louis Alloury, of the leading articles, known as the "Premier Paris," of the *Journal des Débats*. In this position he exhibited extraordinary tact and fertility of invention in the art of attacking the government, without saying any thing which would lay his paper open to prosecution. He likened the press of France, under the perpetual threat of "warnings," "suspensions," fines, imprisonment, exile, to the fair Scheherazade, who was compelled every night to furnish a story, with the expectation of being herself a victim to the cord as soon as the sun and the Sultan should arise. So annoying did these covert attacks become that at length the *Journal des Débats* received a private intimation from the government that the "Premier Paris" of that paper must no longer be contributed by M. Paradol. Subsequently he attached himself to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, in which he carried on the same kind of journalistic warfare that made him feared in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. The paper for many years vibrated between warnings, suspensions, and fitful issues. In June, 1860, he himself was fined 1000 francs and suffered a month's imprisonment for the publication of a political pamphlet entitled "Les Anciens Partis." The paragraph which caused the final suspension of the *Courrier du Dimanche* was from his pen. We append it as a specimen of the sort of writing dreaded by the Emperor of France:

"In Gulliver's voyage to the Flying Island the story is told of a great court lady, very beautiful, loved by the handsomest men, who yet flies from her home to go and live with a deformed footman. She is stripped and beaten; she sinks into deeper degradation from day to day; but she likes her shame, and declines to be torn from her worthless lover. That story returns to my thoughts whenever I see France attentively listening to the voice of the *Constitutionnel*, and seeking to read her destiny in the responses of that oracle."

In America this would be considered very mild political writing; but Frenchmen take a keen delight in this kind of sarcasm, and the government is extremely sensitive to ridicule.

In 1863 M. Paradol published three volumes of essays on political and literary subjects. His most important work is his "Études sur les Moralistes Français." In 1866 he was admitted to the French Academy, and was received by Guizot. In 1868 he published a sketch of a system for reorganizing the French government, entitled "La France Nouvelle." He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the Corps Législatif.

During the late war in this country the sympathies of M. Paradol were warmly enlisted for the North. He had a perfect knowledge of English, and spoke and wrote it with idiomatic accuracy. His recent selection by the Emperor of France to represent that country in the United States was a graceful and befitting acknowledgment of his abilities and his eminent services, as well as an evidence of the Emperor's desire to conciliate the leaders of the opposition.

For several days before his death M. Paradol had complained of not feeling well. On the evening of July 20 he purchased a pair of small pistols, while walking out with a friend; and some hours later, having prepared himself for bed, shot himself immediately over the heart. He left behind several notes, which showed that he had meditated suicide. A coroner's jury found that the act was committed while the deceased was laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or say twenty-eight miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence, by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute net-work of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin daily, but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light, fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream, without distress. Hence no one with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours.

The dietary of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet, on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from being watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than seventy per cent. of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as if by a sponge, it can not be pressed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is considered that water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but entirely deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is prejudicial to digestion, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that thirst, which arises from all violent exercises, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; but beer, most wines, and spirits are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favorable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds; and perfect condition, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting young meats and veal, which is not only immature but half diseased, from the process of daily bleeding which is adopted to produce the appearance of delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article is indispensable to our climate and our habits.

It can not be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calibre, or how sensitive the fibre, material health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphorus, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, or the pace begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the *vis inertiæ* of earth, till it stops dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having pursuits not necessarily favorable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in towns leads universally to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and if the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they were with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and practiced habitually by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude, who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Among the Greeks, it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosopher, physician, and gymnast were united in one person—Galen dislocated his shoulder, when wrestling, in his thirty-first year. The *aliptæ*, who superintended the diet and training, became reputed physicians; and their cure of diseases consisted almost entirely in adapting some of the processes of training adopted in the *palæstræ*, the places built for the separate use of the *athletæ*, who were the professional strong men, and distinguished from the *agonistæ*, who were amateurs. Every town of importance had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on and to gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus (a sort of quoit-play), and hurling the spear. And these were practiced also by boys; and they had a favorite game of pulling a rope against one another. The gymnasium among the Romans became rather a place for military training; and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators, and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, was the custom; and most houses had their *palæstræ*, which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practiced for their own sake; the Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a way through the city walls to welcome a victor in the Olympic Games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate, as the Greeks did. Rome might never have been a prey to the Goths had she been satisfied with the Greek model; and the modern Italians, cast as they are in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent, and melancholy race they are had not athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and discouraged by the nobles. Whether they will be regenerated by the example of their manly king, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

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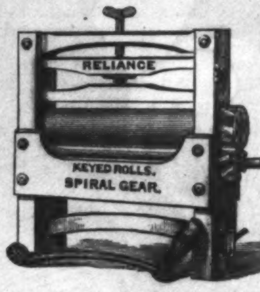

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FOR AUGUST, 1870.

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